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HOME SPUN YARNS



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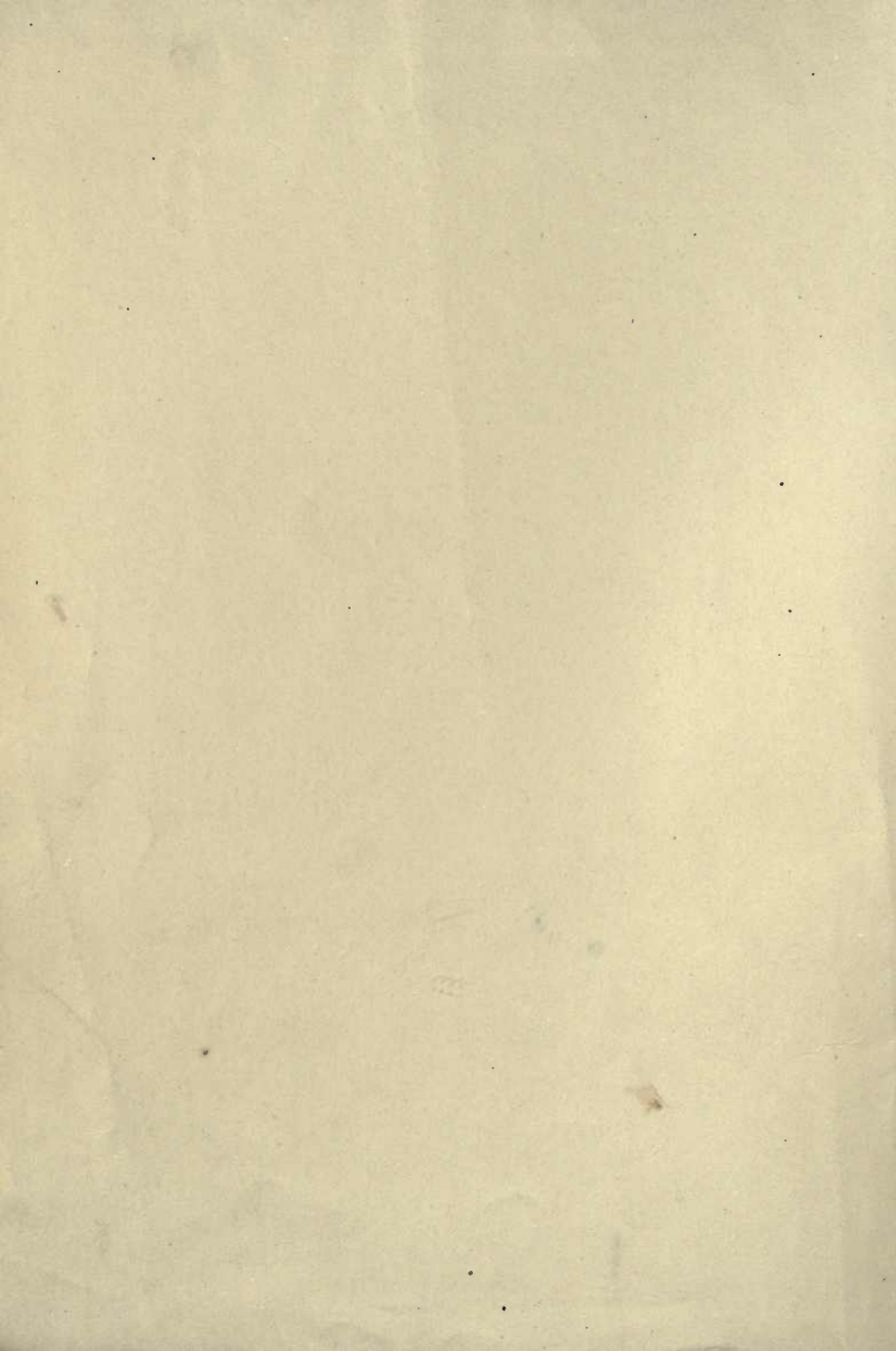
CHICAGO
NEW YORK
BOSTON

To Baby Nell:
from

Auntie Mame. Hoyt

Christmas, 1888-

Cousin Nell was the ^{dear} daughter of Aunt Lillian Daries, a very young
and she died when I was Mrs Rogers
"Auntie Mame" was in Cranston & whose
who lived in
husband was a Professor at
North Western U.





HOME SPUN YARNS.



BY
MARY ABBOT RAND.

FULLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHICAGO AND NEW YORK.
BELFORD, CLARKE & CO.
1889.





CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE PONY'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT	7
OLD CROMBIE AND HIS BOYS	13
"THANK YOU TO LET MY DINNER ALONE!"	19
HIS NATIVE SEA	20
DANGER BEHIND!	23
SOMEBODY'S RELATIONS	24
GRETCHEN'S TELEGRAPH	28
A SLED LIKE OTHER BOYS	35
"TO WHIT! TO WHIT! TO WHO!"	36
THE STORY OF LOUISE	40
CHARLIE GOING TO CHURCH FOR MAMMA	49
CHARLIE PLAYING DOCTOR	51
CHARLIE ON HIS WAY TO HOE UNCLE'S CORN	52
THE GYPSY CAMP	53
PRAISE HIM A LITTLE	56
MEG'S DELAY	65
A NIGHT IN A SCHOOLHOUSE	66
THE WISE GOOSE	74
LOST! A GOLD WATCH	79
"WHAT BECAME OF THEM?"	81
CHARLIE PLAYING HACKMAN	88
A BOARDING-SCHOOL STORY	89
THE METHODIST HORSE	101

	PAGE
PEARL	103
THE FIDDLER'S FARM	110
MISS MISCHIEF	113
LITTLE WINNIE	117
FAITHFUL JANET	120
THE SPARROWS	124
BETTER THAN CANDY	127
MANLY SPORTS	129
THE FAVORED ONE	131
"ABSOLVO TE"	142
THE SMALL MISSIONARY	143
ONE OF THE FAMILY	147
WELCOME!	153
STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY	155
BESSIE'S FIRST PARTY	158
MINCE-PIE FOR SUPPER	161
THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER	165
A SUMMER TEMPEST	168
STOUT-HEARTED	173
PLEASURES AND PERILS	176
A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER	183
BETTER HAVE STAID AT HOME	185
A HERO	188
"I WONDER!"	191
MISS BLODGETT'S BIRD	199
"HOW NOW, GOMEZ?"	203



THE PONY'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.



ILLIONS of little white wings
were busy enough, the day before
Christmas, to make perfect
weather; and so, when morn-
ing came, —

“Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl;
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep in pearl.”

Millions of little children were busy

enough indoors, the day before Christmas, to make perfect happiness for fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers. Indeed, it would take Santa Claus himself to know how very busy little snowflakes and little fingers had been, to make this lovely morning what it was.

In the big house on the hill, two small pairs of hands had trimmed the chimney-piece with holly and mistletoe, and hung the windows with wreaths and crosses, all in hopes that their absent father would return in season to see it, and wish them a merry Christmas.

It was lonely enough for little Guy and Elsie in the big house.

Only servants to keep them company since their old grandfather died; for their mother was dead, and their father had long been travelling in foreign lands.

They were not much better off before their grandfather died. He was not an affectionate grandfather, but an irritable old man, with moods of tenderness, it is true, but so generally out of humor that the children feared rather than loved him. It was said that he was not always so unlovely; that it was only since his daughter Margery ran away from home, and married against his wish her music-teacher, that he had become so morose. He disowned her, and would never look at the pleading letters she sent begging his forgiveness.

And so the years went by. The old Squire made his will, leaving his property to his son on condition that he forfeit it all if any was shared with his sister or her children. Her husband had died in the early years of their married life; and at the time of his death she had once more appealed to her father to forgive her. She sent this last letter through her brother, and received in return a sarcastic reply from her father, that he would furnish her means to transport her family to the village near the town of her girlhood home, where she could establish herself upon a small market-farm belonging to him, and raise vegetables, which would be purchased at "the great house," as his residence was familiarly called.

Margery was as proud as her father, and her first thought was to reject this humiliating offer; but she looked at her fatherless little children, and decided to accept this only means in her power of supporting them.

The early spring before the Christmas we are coming to, therefore, saw her busy in her new work of raising vegetables, which Carl, the oldest child, would take to the kitchen-gate of his grandfather's mansion, carrying back to his mother the market value of the vegetables.

He was never asked to come into the house, and never was sure that he had seen his grandfather. Once he fancied he saw a worn old face with tearful

eyes at the parlor window ; but it was so quickly gone that Carl was not sure that it was but a shadow, or his own imagination.

For Carl was an imaginative boy. He did not fancy the hard work and the poor cottage that were his lot ; and often and often was dreaming of the rich and comfortable home where his mother used to live. The two motherless cousins who had come there to stay were the subject also of Carl's envy and dreams. They were forbidden to speak to the market-boy, but many a smile had been exchanged by the merry children.

Carl had strict orders from his mother never to delay longer than was necessary for the kitchen-girl to take in the vegetables and bring back the money in return. During this little delay, Carl was accustomed to wait under a fine old English elm, which stood in the back yard. It had been struck by lightning years ago ; but the sturdy tree had grown on in spite of it, striving to hide its scars, like a proud heart scorning to die of grief. Mrs. Margery told her children that she could well remember, when a child, of hiding in the deep crevice the lightning had burnt. Later on, she could only put her doll in the fissure ; and, at last, the deep crack served as a secret post-office for the letters that passed between her and their poor papa.

This tree, then, was an object of great interest to Carl as he waited for his money. Race, the pony,

liked it too. He had outgrown his early name of "Race." The children thought "Standstill" would be a more appropriate title now. Certainly he liked nothing better, of a summer morning, than to stand in the shade of the old elm, rubbing his head against its rough trunk, — listening to its stories, Carl fancied.

This day before Christmas, when the snowflakes were poised on the edges of the gray clouds ready to take flight, Carl rode over the frozen ground with his baskets of vegetables. He watched no longer for the white-haired shadow at the parlor windows, for he knew that his grandfather was dead. He knew, too, of the will, showing the unforgiving spirit to the last; and more closely guarded than ever did his young cousins seem to be from their poor relation.

It was chilly waiting there in "the dull, hard bitterness of cold." Race seemed to think so too; and, while Carl dismounted to adjust some part of the harness, the capricious pony, true to his real name, suddenly rubbed his head against the friendly elm, then broke into a sharp gallop, leaving Carl to plod home on foot.

Race could appreciate comfort as well as his dreaming master, and was glad to get into his cosey quarters, a sort of shed opening directly from the little kitchen where Mrs. Margery and her little ones were oftenest to be found. There was a small window between this kitchen and the pony's apartment; and the children

were fond of opening the shutters, and feeding their pet with apples and lumps of sugar when they could get them.

This stormy Christmas Eve, the mother, wishing to gratify her children, had granted their request that they might help deck their bit of a tree, although there would then be no surprise for them in the morning. The window-shutters were opened, and the muslin curtain drawn back, that Race's brown eyes might peep in and see the rosy Baldwin that the dear mother was hanging on the tree for him.

It was little Meeta that first spied something fluttering from the pony's window, that lighted by her mother. It was a stiff, folded paper, bearing the marks of Race's teeth upon it.

Mrs. Margery picked it up, and turned whiter than her widow's cap when she read "Last Will and Testament of Geoffrey Akerman."

It proved to be genuine. The old Squire, in his last days, had written it, leaving his property to be equally divided between his son Charles and his daughter Margery; and expressing the hope that the children of said Charles and Margery might be brought up together in the old homestead.

And that was why the old mansion was so bright on Christmas night. Margery rejoiced, with tears in her sweet blue eyes, as she welcomed her brother to their old home; while the children petted Race, in return for

the Christmas present he had brought them, quite as much as was good for him.

It was proved that the Squire had secreted his last will in the old tree where his daughter used to hide her love-letters. Race discovered the projecting end of the document, pulled it out with his teeth, and ran off with it, as you have heard, causing a never-ending wonder that the valuable paper had not been destroyed.

OLD CROMBIE AND HIS BOYS.



THAT brick house on the hill was Squire Densel's, and the one half-way down the hill was Capt. Clark's, and the two-story white one opposite was Dr. Sweet's, and then came Col. Emerson's; but the pretty cottage just across the river was "Old Crombie's."

Now, you must know that the Milburn people greeted one another courteously; and, if a man were generally known as "Old Crombie," it was just because he *was* "Old Crombie," and nothing else.

Old Crombie's boys were handsome fellows: they could sing, they could dance, they could spell. *That* was one of the accomplishments of Milburn thirty years ago; and the young man or woman that led off in a spelling-match wore a proud feather indeed.

But, alas! that was not all the Crombie boys could and did do. As Obadiah Muckleworth, the village sage and shoemaker, declared, he "was afeared the Crombie boys were capable of going clean through the Ten Commandments, and breaking every one of them."

It is certain that chickens, for miles around, trembled on their roosts if they heard the light step of a Crombie; and it was not long before horses in their stalls might tremble too, for the brightest and handsomest of the Crombie boys became a horse-thief.

That was "Frisco," as he was called, because he attempted to run away to California once.

"Frisco always was the slyest dog," said Old Crombie, with a boastful air, instead of the shame that any decent father would have had in such a son. "Tell you, that chap never wanted for pin-money; but, somehow or other, my hens didn't seem to lay wuth a cent,—that's 'fore he dared to visit the neighbors' roosts, mind ye! One Sunday, when I'd ben—no, I guess I hadn't ben to church *that* day," said the wicked old man, with an unpleasant smile,— "Frisco he come down the river road with his hands full of harebells. 'Sonny,' says I, 'look here! If you rob your father's hens' nests any more, there'll be trouble in camp.'"

"Why, father!" says he, "when I've been to the trouble of getting ma some flowers, you come down on me like that!"

"No, you young rascal!" says I. 'I come down on



you like *that!*' and I just raised my cane, and gave a smart tap or two on top of his cap. Down came a stream of eggs,—yolk, white, shell and all. 'You hearn tell,' says I, 'of jugglers that could make an omelet in your hat? Well, I'm one of 'em.'"

This was Old Crombie's favorite story at the grog-shop which he frequented; but there was not a tippler so degraded but looked with disgust at the old man, with his white hair, his black, wicked eyes, and grinning face.

Frisco, as I have said, had bigger game than eggs now; and he bore the unenviable name of being the greatest horse-stealer in his native State.

A famous trotting mare was missing, and so was Frisco. The keenest detectives in the State were on the watch, but no clew could be found to either horse or rider.

It was a surprise amounting to a shock, then, when, on a Saturday night, as Obadiah Muckleworth and his brother were at work finishing some promised job, the shop-door swung open lightly, and Frisco entered. His dark eyes had a hunted look; and as he took the only spare chair, and rested his foot against the shoemaker's bench, he looked as if he were at last in harbor.

"Where hail from now, Frisco?" said the younger Muckleworth, with a look half of terror and half of curiosity toward the young thief.

"Canada, just now," said young Frisco, tossing his

hat upon the floor, "and my pouch here has the best kind of lining; but, rich as I am, I don't dare to buy a pair of boots in the New-England States. My feet are wet and sore; and—you are so good!—I know you'll cobble these old boots for me, if, indeed, they are not past repair, and not tell of me."

"Something else is past repair, young man, and that's yourself, I fear," said the younger Muckleworth, with a short laugh.

Obadiah stood up, a blessed picture of justice and mercy combined,—

"Brother, never say a human soul is past repair so long as there's a God of compassion above us. Young Crombie,—I don't rightly know your Christian name, but I'm sure it ain't 'Frisk-oh!'—I can repair that old boot; and, if you heed my advice, you need not be ashamed to show your head and buy a new pair whenever you've the honest money to pay for 'em.

"Go to your man that you've defrauded. Give back your ill-gotten gold, and give yourself up to justice; serve out your sentence in state's prison; then come to me, and I'll adopt you. It's no use for you to try to do right under the name of Crombie."

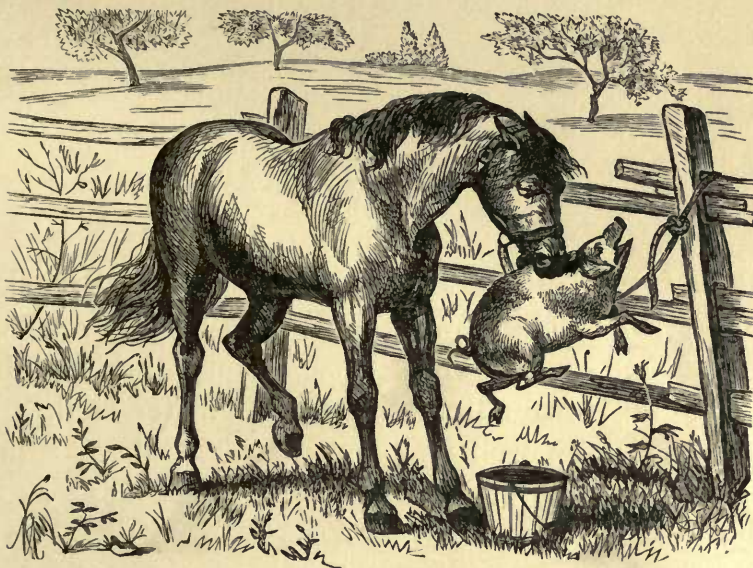
"You don't really mean what you say!" exclaimed the desperate young fellow, with the first tears that had ever been seen in his brilliant eyes since his babyhood.

"I mean just what I say," said the good man. "If

my Willie-boy, that died when he was an innocent child, had lived and gone astray, I am only doing as I would wish him done by."

Old Crombie's son did as he was advised; and, strengthened by the kindness of the good shoemaker, went through with all the humiliation that came from giving himself up to justice. It was a rough plough-share, but it prepared the ground for self-respect; and now Robert Muckleworth, the adopted son and successor of Obadiah, owns a large shoe manufactory where the little cobbler's shop once stood. He is called "Mr. Muckleworth," but the rest of the family in the house by the bridge are known as "Old Crombie and his Boys" to the end of the chapter.





“THANK YOU TO LET MY DINNER ALONE!”

WHAT'S what the horse said to the pig; and if he said any thing more, nobody could understand him, for his mouth was full, as you see.

There are a great many hateful feelings,—anger, jealousy, greediness,—and, for every bad thought, there's an animal just like it; the fox for slyness, the wolf for cruelty, the pig for greediness, so that we may see what we are in danger of becoming.

HIS NATIVE SEA.
—♦—

WHEN other boys spoke of their native land, Ned Harpswell would say that *he* never had any. That was because he was born on board ship. So was his sister Dell.

Mrs. Harpswell did not wish to stay at home alone with her children, but "followed the sea" as well as her husband.

Think what a care it must have been, to bring up these two young Harpswells, among all the dangers and privations of a life on shipboard.

She was always planning and hoping for a home. Her husband finally persuaded her to let him buy a house, and she was to furnish it as she pleased; "and 'twill make the time pass quick, Fanny," he said, "for you to be getting ready for me."

But, for all his cheery words, Capt. Harpswell was more homesick than anybody else, when he set sail without his dear little family, to be gone for a long year's voyage.

Mrs. Harpswell took great pride in her new home, counting the days when her husband should return.



But, oh, dear! this is one of the true, sad stories that does not come out as we would wish it.

"The Bonny Bird," Capt. Harpswell's vessel, returned,—but not the captain.

In the picture you see Mr. MacDonald, the first mate, telling the story which Ned has already heard so many times. "It was a hurricane of a night; and the captain, who had been ill some days, was not fit to come on deck, but come he would," said Mr. MacDonald. "He was always one to be in the thick of danger, when there was any.

"There came a blinding sheet of sleet and wind. We hardly knew where we were, any of us; but when it had passed the captain was gone. There was such a sea no boat could live in it, and we could not even attempt to find him. He was just caught up in the wings of the tempest, Ned, my boy. But there's One that holds the winds in the hollow of his hand, my old mother used to say, and we must believe he is safe in God's hand."

Mrs. Harpswell tried to be brave, and make home pleasant to her children; but they could never become quite used to the land. For years they would call the cellar "down in the hole;" up-stairs was "aloft," and out of doors was "ashore."

If Ned were missing, he was sure to be swimming or sailing, or else looking longingly at his "native sea."

Dell was quite as much of a sailor too; and now that

years have gone by, and gentle Mrs. Harpswell's life is over here, Ned is a captain, and bright little Dell a captain's wife, "sailing the seas over."

DANGER BEHIND!




HIS young man owns a hobby-horse, and a father and uncles who are willing to be camels and elephants at a minute's notice; but all this is too safe.

What Charlie longs for is a fiery, untamed steed, like the one in the picture. He is now turning a sharp corner, and in less than a second there'll be a call for mother, and Charlie will have a bad headache.



SOMEBODY'S RELATIONS.
—♦♦—

“OW disgusting!” said I, when I came to this picture.

“Why,” said little Carrie, “*I* think it’s the most interesting picture of all.”

Lucky our tastes are not all alike, isn’t it? However, monkeys and apes and baboons are very curious and interesting creatures.

Some people—wise people too—think they are a sort of cousin to us. What do you think of that?

It is certain that the ape looks very much like us, and, in one respect, is ahead of us.

Did you ever hear your mother say, “I wish I had two pairs of hands”? Perhaps a monkey-mother said that once, for she and the monkey-father and all the children have each two pairs of hands. How quickly they could dress for breakfast if they wanted to!

They can and do walk on their hind hands, or feet; but their great toes are thumbs. Some monkeys have another convenience in what is called a pre-hen-sile tail, which means a tail that can hook on to any thing.

What a convenience that would be for boys in



cherry-time, and two pairs of hands to each boy! But even they might not be satisfied, and would probably long for more than one mouth apiece.

It was great fun to see ever so many little monkeys, in their big cage, in Central Park, New York, chase a solemn-looking monkey that had a piece of gingerbread.

They darted after him like so many streaks of lightning, and I thought he would lose his lunch; when suddenly, he suspended himself from a hook in the top of the cage, and there hung like an odd chandelier, while he ate his gingerbread at his leisure. So you see how useful a pre-hen-sile tail may be.

It is rather a sad little monkey that we see shivering in his red jacket, and minding the hand-organ man because he doesn't dare to do any thing else; but I am told that when one of these little pets is comfortably cared for in your house, he is seldom sad—it is more apt to be the people in the house that are sad.

Here is an old monkey story which you may have heard. A parrot and a monkey were once pets in the same home. The parrot was a very wicked parrot, and used language that I should not wish to repeat. The monkey was a cruel little fellow; and this parrot and this monkey did not love one another as they should, and it was never safe to leave them alone together.

One Sunday, however, when the family were at



church, a door had been carelessly left open, and the monkey made a call upon the parrot.

When the family returned, a naughty monkey was hiding somewhere, a heap of bright feathers was scattered about, and poor Polly, who had been picked as bare as a Thanksgiving turkey, croaked,—

“We’ve—had—a—ter-ri-ble—time!”

I don’t think of any more monkey stories to-day, but this little anecdote shows that it is not well to have two pairs of hands unless one can use them properly.

GRETCHEN'S TELEGRAPH.



HUMBLE home it was where golden-haired Gretchen lived, but it was as happy as love could make it.

When Christmas gathered the family about the gay tree, there were father and mother, tall brother Fritz, sister Hildegarde, joyous little Gretchen, and last, but not least, lovely Catharine.

She was not a sister, but “a dearer one still,”—so Fritz thought.

She was a neighbor’s niece,—a cross old neighbor, Herr Zimmermann. Orphan Catharine had come to



his keeping when she was nine years old; and from that time, if there were one thing she liked above another, Herr Zimmermann was sure to forbid it; and, if there were one thing she disliked above another, he was sure to command it. Because blue was her favorite color, she must wear red. But, ah! he could not make her look any thing but lovely, whatever color he obliged her to wear.

Gretchen's good mother pitied the solitary little maiden with so dull a home,—only this cross-grained uncle and a deaf housekeeper; and many were the friendly greetings offered her across the hedge.

Herr Zimmermann, at first, was not disposed to allow his niece to acquaint herself with these good people; but at last he yielded, and there was always a plate for Catharine at the table on every festive day.

When Fritz had finished his studies at Heidelberg, and had begun to practise medicine sixty miles away, Catharine seemed to care less to visit her friends. She might often be seen under the trees of her uncle's lawn, writing or meditating, with a sweet and pensive look.

Fritz came for a short visit; and there was a joyful merry-making, for it was his birthday, and twenty-five little candles winked their bright eyes at the big cake that the mother had baked for the occasion.

Catharine was asked to be there; and how lovely she looked when the gay evening was over, and Fritz wrapped her red cloak around her, and they walked slowly away under the lindens to her uncle's!

Fritz went back to his patients next morning, and Catharine was not seen again at the home fireside for many a long day. When Gretchen went to the Herr's with an invitation for Catharine, the deaf housekeeper shook her head.

"No matter if I can't hear you!" she said snapshly. "It makes no difference what you say. Our young lady is to go to your house never more, and you need not be asking for her."

Gretchen often sorrowfully waited by the hedge, but never saw Catharine alone again anywhere about the garden or lawn unless she were walking with her uncle, or with an oldish gentleman, older and uglier, if possible, than the Herr himself.

Matters were in this state when, one day, a stranger from Fritz's new home called to see Gretchen. She met him gladly, expecting news from her dear brother. Nor was she mistaken.

The young stranger reported Fritz quite well, and sending hearty greetings to his family, and especially to little sister Gretchen. "And here," added he, "is this cage with a pigeon in it. The letter will tell you what to do, little one."

The friendly stranger was in too great a hurry to see the rest of the family; so, nodding good-by to the pleased little face of Gretchen, he hastened for the train.

"Dear little sister," Fritz wrote, "herein is a telegraph for

you, or for me I should rather say. Go to the hedge to-night, by the old stile, and you may find there a letter for me. Tie this firmly, but without chafing the bird, to its neck or leg. Feed her not at all (this will be hard for you; but so, the more surely, will she come back to me); keep her in the dark for eight hours; dip her feet in cool vinegar, then set her free, with a prayer, my own little Gretchen. I can say no more; but you'll do this, and keep it all to yourself, my child, for you may know you can trust

BROTHER FRITZ."

Gretchen was perplexed. Not to tell Hildegarde, nor even the dear mother! Not to feed a homesick bird, whose piteous cry made the child's tender heart ache! But these stern orders were from dear brother Fritz. So she hid the fluttering stranger in the dark closet of her chamber, and set forth for the hedge to search for the mysterious letter.

Yes, it was there, almost hidden under the green. She guarded it loyally, of course, tied it firmly around the pigeon's neck, and at the earliest dawn she stole out doors, and, not forgetting the little prayer Fritz had begged, she set the messenger free.

And what happened next but an angry thump at the cottage door! No friendly hand asking admittance, but Herr Zimmermann's stout cane.

Catharine was gone. She had taken the night express for Bâle, it would seem: and from that centre of railways no one might tell whither she had gone, unless, indeed, his neighbors could inform him; but they were as much surprised as the Herr himself.

Little Gretchen by the door-step, feeding her sparrows, guessed not that the little secret, brother Fritz had intrusted her with, had any thing to do with Catharine's flight. But, if the pigeon could have read the little note that he carried so quickly to Fritz, he would have found something like this:—

“I will meet you at Bâsle. Uncle cannot be more displeased with me than he is already, for I have told him I will never marry Herr Hoffman.

“I have found out that large property should have been mine, of which uncle never meant to tell me; that he has lost it in his speculations, and hoped to have assistance from Herr Hoffman if I would marry him,—and that I will not, *mein* Fritz.

“I have drawn my money from the bank; and, though I like not this way of running off to be married, there seems no other way for us.

“And so farewell, till you see the red cloak you so much hate in the station at Bâsle.”

The young doctor was at the station before the train arrived, and was not long in finding the red cloak. In less than half an hour from that time, Dr. Fritz and Catharine were quietly married in the parsonage of a good Lutheran minister; and morning saw them at breakfast in Fritz's usual boarding-place, where they would stay while furnishing their own little nest of a home.

It was difficult for the doctor to leave his patients;

but they must meet the dear parents and sisters on the next birthday, which happened to be Catharine's.

The birthday loaf was a bride's cake, and trimmed with orange-blossoms instead of candles.

"I did not know how lovely Catharine could be," said Gretchen, as she admired her new sister in the soft white summer dress.

"She will never wear red again," Fritz replied; "but I never saw any thing that looked better to my eye than a red cloak one rainy evening in the Bâsle station."

"Ah," said the mother, "to think thou wouldst take an innocent pair like the pigeon and our little Gretchen to bring about a runaway match!"

"This was an unusual case, thou knowest," said Fritz; "and now that Herr Zimmermann is appeased, and all are happy, let us try the bride's cake."



A SLED LIKE OTHER BOYS.

“IT is of no use,” said papa. “That boy can never be made to behave in the house. He must have a sled, play freely out doors, and work off some of his mischief.”

Charlie’s tender-hearted mother looked at the dangerous plaything with doubtful eyes. Charlie thought it was just a beauty, — red and blue, and a golden bird to match its name, “Swallow.”

Charlie was warmly dressed, cap, and ear-laps, ulster, red mittens, and leggings.

“And now, said his mother, ‘you may go, Charlie.



if you won't coast where it is steep, or icy, or where there is any thing in the way."

Perhaps Charlie's ear-laps were too thick; or he may have thought that a coast that wasn't icy or steep was no fun at all, and that he would do as he pleased. However that may be, Charlie did not steer straight. Half-way down a steep, icy hill, was an ugly tree. As Charlie and the "Swallow" came flying down at a fearful speed, they struck against the tree.

The doctor came every day for a fortnight; and, while poor Charlie lay with his bandaged arm, he had time for a good deal of thinking.

He has learned to ask older people what he may do, and to heed what they may say to him. But he is as full of fun as ever, this bonny, brown-eyed Charlie.

"TO WHIT! TO WHIT! TO WHO!"



HIS is the worst-looking owl I ever saw; as unlike the lovely Christmas-card owls that sit on evergreen trees, and wish you all sorts of nice things, as a very cross Nellie is unlike the same little girl when she is in good humor.

Owls are not exactly cheerful birds; but they are generally well-disposed, and do not attack unless they



must do so to earn their living or to protect their little owls.

Stuffed owls and Christmas-card owls are favorite ornaments, and familiar to everybody; but, though there are forty varieties in our native land, I never have happened to see but one live one. This was in a barn belonging to a delightful old farmhouse where I had been invited to a children's party. We had looked at the albums and gilt-edged books on the parlor table, played blind-man's-buff in the dining-room, had a candy-pull in the kitchen; and then, most charming of all, the farmer's boy told us that there was a live owl in the barn for us to see.

The homesick bird was perched upon a wagon-wheel, and his yellow eyes were whirling around and around much faster than the wagon-wheel ever whirled on its most rapid journey.

A learned book tells me that "daylight bewilders owls, and causes actual pain in the eye, which they seek to relieve by frequent motion of the third eyelid or nictitating membrane of the eye."

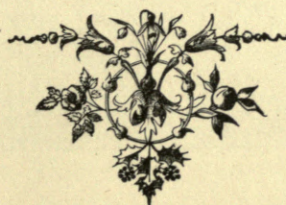
But we children did not know all that: it just seemed very funny to see that solemn thing perched on the wheel, and his yellow eyes whirling round like the quickest kind of revolving lights.

Little birds know very well that light makes the owl stupid; and when they happen to catch an owl awake by day, they tease him terribly. They know that he

can't catch them then, and they just improve their chance to pay up old scores.

Rats don't love owls, but owls love rats.

How do you think it would do to tame an owl, and keep him for a new kind of pussy-cat? He can hear so very quick. You may know his feathers grow in cone shape about his ears, forming a sort of ear-trumpet. He could hear quicker than pussy; he could see in the dark as well as she; he could fly much faster than she can scamper: but, oh, if he should happen to talk out loud in the night with his terrible voice, we would want our quiet old Tabby back again!



THE STORY OF LOUISE.
—♦♦♦—

CAPT. BURRAGE was a rich old man, and “peculiar.” That is, he had a strong will, and did not care whether other people approved of him or

not. He meant to do well by his sister's orphan children. He gave them a home, and, in his opinion, the best education to be had.

Dexter, the boy, was big and strong, and could win a Greek prize or a foot-race with equal ease.

He exactly filled the programme that his uncle had planned for him, and became just the well-furnished, manly physician that he was designed to be.

Louise was a promising child also,—one of those bright little girls that are always pets at school; that appear best at exhibitions, children's concerts, and the like, when their excitable little nerves would far better be quieted in sleep.

Louise was the star in her school, and graduated with all the honors; but, just as she was receiving her diploma, she fainted, and then, for years, was an eclipse of her promise.

It was a fortunate thing that she had a doctor-brother,—one so tender and strong as Dexter. But he could not be always with her, as his patients were awaiting his calls in a neighboring town.

And, when the doctor was away, Capt. Burrage insisted that *he* should prescribe for his niece.

It did her no harm, but amused her, rather, when her uncle sent up a tiny pair of scales with her dinner, and insisted that she should weigh what she ate; but another notion of his was very trying. "You say," said he, "that you can't walk, Louise, and that the fatigue of

dressng unfits you for a drive. Now, air and exercise you must have. I have arranged with Pat to play he is a horse. Every morning he is to come to your door with his arms folded behind him; you are to take a seat as if they were a side-saddle, and he shall trot around the house three times at a gentle pace." — "Oh, please let me ask Dexter if he thinks that is best!" pleaded poor Louise.

"I am yóur guardian," said her uncle; "and *I* think it best."

"But what will the neighbors think?" exclaimed the girl.

An unfortunate thing for her to say, for it made the captain more determined than ever to carry out his pet plan.

When Dexter came home, he noticed unfavorable symptoms, and soon found they were occasioned by the nervous distress brought about by this unusual ride-out. "It is too funny, Dexter," said Louise hysterically. "Up the stairs comes Pat, and kneels at my door. He has strict orders to act as a horse; and I must not say 'Good-morning,' but 'Get up, sir!'

"He stumps carefully down the stairs, and out the door. I am picturesquely dressed with an old red shawl thrown over my head, crossed in front, and tied behind. My 'horse' trots solemnly three times around the house, while 'the Smiths, Browns, and Robinsons' appear at their windows. I shall be insane, Dexter, if this thing is kept up much longer."

"I'll attend to that," said the young doctor.

His first plan was to remove Louise to the seashore ; but she was far too weak to bear the sight of strangers, and the necessity of "dressing up."



"Besides," as she dolefully complained to her brother, "it is dreadful to be '*an object*,' Dexter. I find the most retired spot possible, and try to hide under my sunshade, and 'bury myself in a book,' when I am pain-

fully conscious that some little image is staring at me, trying to guess whether I'm a ghost, or no."

"I'll attend to *that*," said the doctor again. "What you must have, Lou, is change; but you must get it away from curious eyes."

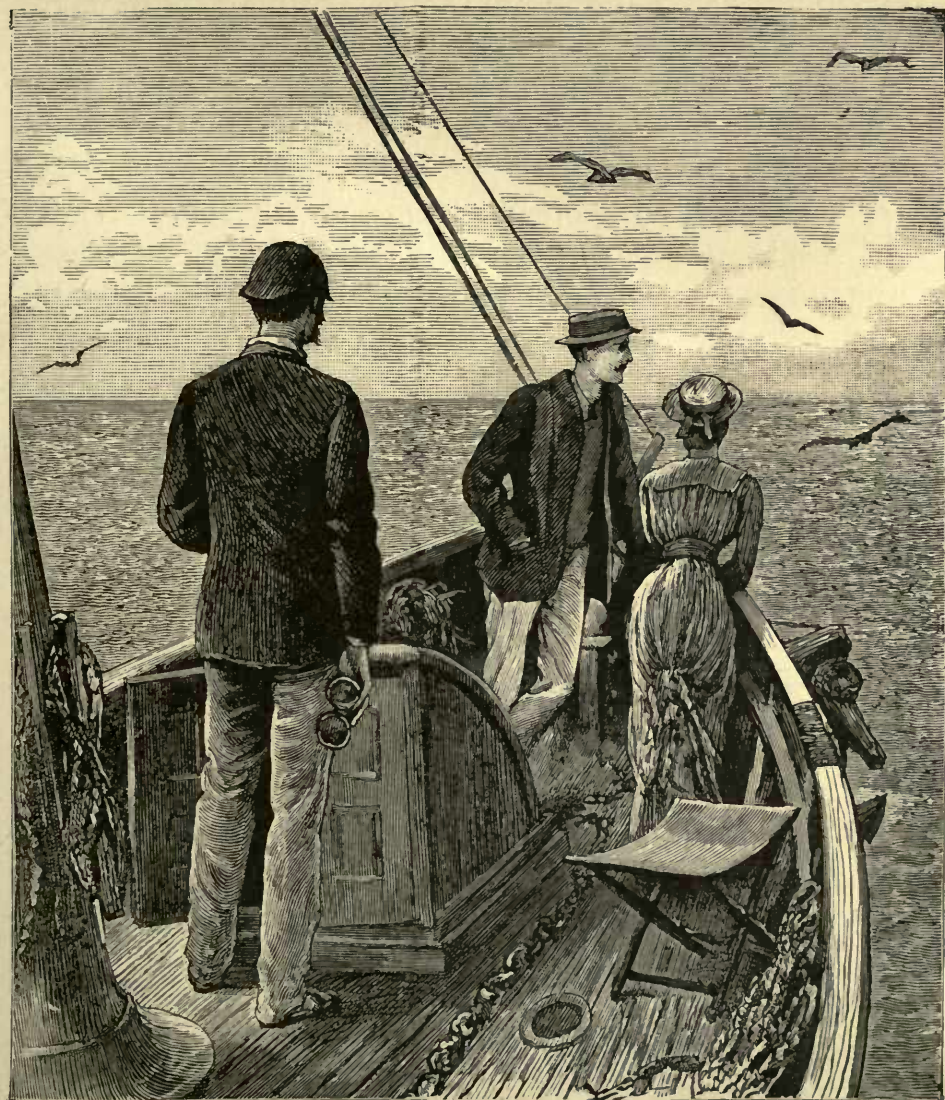
"Bernard Knapp has a yacht, as perhaps you know.

"Well," continued Dexter, "he thinks of cruising about for a fortnight, and has invited his uncle and aunt, and will take their servants along. Now, they'd like nothing better than to have you go with them. You've been at their house so much, they are exactly like 'own folks.' Fact, if I did not know that I am your only brother, I might be jealous of Bernard."

Louise embarked as gladly as if the sails of the "Sea Gull" were real wings to take her away from every thing unpleasant. Her only regret was in leaving Dexter. The doctor saw his feeble sister on board, doubting, at the last minute, whether he were wise to counsel this trip for one who had been for years an invalid. "Be a brother to her, Bernard," he said huskily.

"That I won't promise," replied Bernard gayly. Dexter was satisfied, however, that Louise would have excellent care, and reported favorably to their uncle.

There never could have been a sweeter old lady than Mrs. Knapp, nor a more fatherly person than Mr. Knapp; and their nephew was the nicest sort of companion for a yachting trip.



Louise felt entirely "at home." Her sensation of escape from everybody—Dexter alone excepted—was a delight. The sparkling sea-air brought her sleep that *bromide* could never give, and an appetite that no other tonics could create.

In short, Louise breathed health with every breath, as she leaned over the vessel's side, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by the young man that would not consent to be a brother.

I wish there were a yacht for every Louise that has been overdriven with study and worry and excitement.

This Louise went away looking like a lily: she returned, her brother said, like a "tiger lily," tanned and freckled,—but *well*.

The happy voice sang again by the long-silent piano; busy feet trotted up stairs and down, making her uncle's mansion something less like a prison and more like a home.

.
A few miles from the city is a picturesque little place,— "*so English-y*," the knowing ones that have been "abroad" are pleased to say.

Most of the homes there were designed by the now-famous architect, Bernard Knapp. His own home is there, looking as if it were sitting for its picture. Bernard did not agree to be the brother of Louise; but he afterward promised to be her husband, and together they have helped to make this lovely spot what it is.

Little Bright Eyes.

What do the birds say, I wonder, I wonder,
With their chitter and chatter? It isn't all play.
Do they scold, do they fret, at some boggle or
blunder,
As we fret, as we scold, day after day?

Do their hearts ever ache, I wonder, I wonder,
At anything else than the danger that comes
When some enemy threatens them over or under
The great leafy boughs of their great leafy
homes?



John E. Staples

A stranger, passing through the place one day, paused to notice how like a painted picture was a cartful of yellow straw against the blue September sky, while dogwood vines and crimson sumach added to the coloring.

"Wonder if Bernard Knapp designed *this* scene?" he said aloud. A little girl with a daisy-sweet face, who chanced to be near, answered, "Bernard Knapp designs most every thing."

It was the architect's own little girl that spoke. She is seven years old, and can't read. Her parents are trying the experiment of letting her grow up as much like her namesake, "Clover," as possible, leaving books for later years, — "lest," as her father says, "there should not be a yacht to restore her health when she is twenty years old."





CHARLIE GOING TO CHURCH FOR MAMMA.



BOY to be a Charlie must have merry eyes,—brown eyes are best for a Charlie; and he must be roguish, but so winsome that you can't help loving him.

This Charlie was born the first of April,—a joke to begin with; and a rather serious joke the young parents found him to be.

They agreed that he should be brought up by rule. A clock and a thermometer hung in the nursery, and he was expected to be as exact and unfailing as they.

And so, as a baby, he was; but, as soon as the "Charlie" in him began to show itself, clocks and thermometers were of little use.

When he was three-and-a-half, it happened, one summer Sunday, that his mamma went to church, leaving Charlie with Bridget.

What is the matter with Sunday afternoons in July? People are so afraid that there is going to be a shower that they stay at home, when there is never a drop of rain; or else they go to church, and down comes a shower-bath. Bridget was sleepy. Charlie minded the wet no more than a robin; and, waiting only till Bridget's eyes were shut, he took an umbrella, trimmed his hat with garden-flowers, and walked down to the church.

A pause in the minister's sermon gave him a chance to put in a word.

"Mamma!" his clear little voice called, "I b'ought an umb'ella for oo, so oo won't spoil oor new d'ess."

The sexton hushed Master Charles; and the next moment a lady hurried, blushing, down the aisle, and took Charlie and the umbrella home.





CHARLIE PLAYING DOCTOR.

MAMMA was ill. The doctor left his hat and cane and overcoat on the hat-tree, while he went up stairs.

Charlie thought he would be a doctor, just for a few minutes. All he needed was papa's old boots in the down-stairs entry.

He was having the best of times, when Bridget rushed in, and shook the little fellow quite out of his boots. "A doctor is it yez are, bad luck to ye! and the ra'al doctor mad enough to give yez a whole box of pills at onct."

Charlie was sorry. He did not mean to trouble the doctor.

CHARLIE ON HIS WAY TO HOE UNCLE'S CORN.

NOT long after this, mamma and Charlie left their city home for a little visit to an uncle farmer.

Charlie thought the daisies and chickens were worth all the streets of Boston.



One morning he heard his uncle say, that, after he had gone to market, he should hoe the corn.

Charlie thought it would be a pleasant surprise to his good uncle to find the corn all hoed; so, when his mother supposed he was feeding the chickens, the little farmer had helped himself to tools, and had hoed the corn by the roots, pulling down the stalks

and stamping upon them like a hungry cow.

That was indeed a "surprise" to the uncle, and an unpleasant surprise for Charlie followed.

THE GYPSY CAMP.



ISN'T it a pretty picture? And the reality is prettier still,—unless it should be near your melon-patch.

The gypsies are the handsomest of people; or, handsome gypsies are handsomer than other handsome people. They have fine figures, brilliant eyes, richest complexions, and an air of mystery, the secret of which no one has yet been able to solve.

There's not a queen that can wear velvets and diamonds so royally as a gypsy queen; but nowadays velvets and diamonds are not common in a gypsy camp, and they put on their graceful airs with bright calicoes and brass jewelry.

It is supposed that they came from India: the dictionary says so. But there are learned guesses and legends reaching away, way back of their wanderings in India.

One story says that they were keepers of the inn in Bethlehem, that would not admit Joseph and Mary that Christmas Eve eighteen hundred and eighty-two years ago; and that for this, God doomed their race to a wandering life forever.

It is true that they are not a Christian people: their language has no word for God, immortality, or soul. Their highest religion is, "Be true to your people, be faithful to your husband, and never pay any debts except those owing to your own kindred."

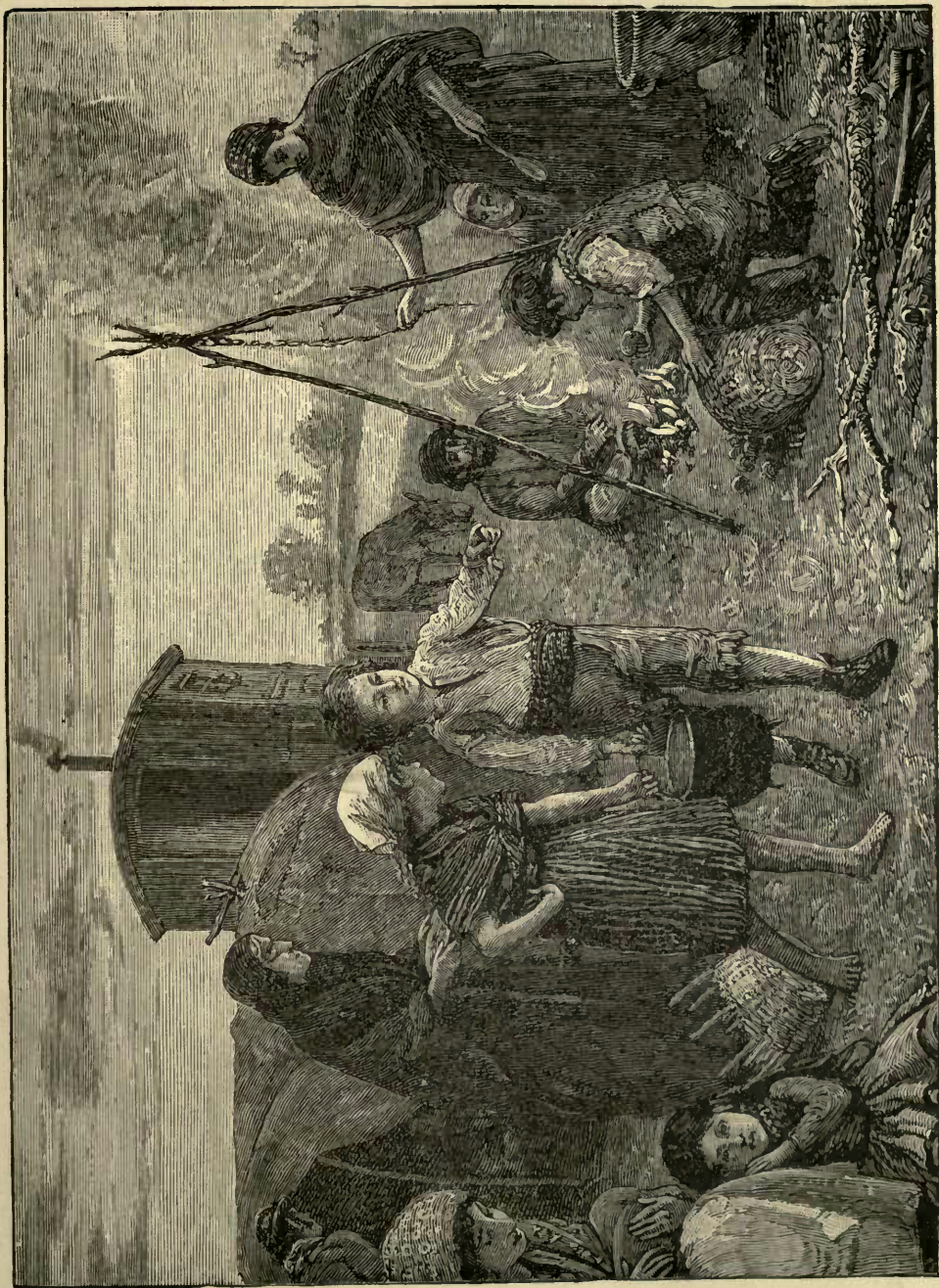
In 1122 an Austrian monk describes them as "Ishmaelites who go peddling through the wide world, having neither house nor home, cheating the people with their tricks, and deceiving mankind, but not openly."

They have at times been most cruelly treated, banished, outlawed, slain. In 1748 a law was made by a Russian emperor, that every gypsy beyond the age of eighteen should be hanged.

Maria Theresa did all in her power for their good. She issued laws for the education of their children, built streets for them in her cities, and gave them tracts of land in the country.

But these humane measures did no lasting good; and up to this day it is said that a gypsy child who has been rescued from its wild life, and brought up in a civilized family, is sure to run away the first favorable chance to "the gypsies' free mountains, their plains and woods, the sun, stars, and winds."

We may some day see them reformed; but probably next summer, in driving along a grassy road, you will notice a pale blue smoke lazily curling above the blueberry bushes, and then you will come upon a brown-legged boy, or a brilliant fortune-teller with a red shawl



draped above her black braids. And, if you are foolish enough to cross her palm with fifty cents, she may give you the pleasing information that "you will quarrel with your dark-haired friend, and marry your light-haired one, and be followed to your grave by ten lovely daughters."

PRAISE HIM A LITTLE.

A BRIGHT-FACED boy, in a blue suit, ran up the street on his way home from school.

"Shut that door easy, Ned!" was the welcome that greeted him. "Now hang your hat up. Don't go up-stairs two steps at a time,—you'll tear the carpet to pieces."

The face which had been bright with some little school-triumph, which he was eager "to tell mother," clouded fast; and it was a discouraged-looking boy that slid down the banisters, regardless of his mother's warning "Ned! Ned! you will break your neck!"

"What shall I do with that boy, sister Annie?" said widow Reed mournfully, as he rushed past her into the dining-room.

Now, the trouble was, that Ned's mother was in the power of two cruel spirits which, it is said, torment Americans more than other people. These are called "Hurry" and "Worry."



When Mrs. Reed's good husband was living, and she had him to share her cares and supply every want,

Ned had a patient and loving mother, and he was a good boy.

Now all was changed. Mr. Reed's sudden death was followed by the shocking news to his family that they had been living beyond their means, and that nothing was left but the house and furniture.

Mrs. Reed filled her house with boarders; and then, as if grief and poverty were not enough, "Hurry" and "Worry" came too. How they had changed the gentle little mother!

"What *shall* I do with that boy?" she repeated.

"*Praise him a little*," said her sister.

"There's nothing to praise him for, and no time to praise him," moaned Mrs. Reed.

"Oh, cheer up, poor little woman!" and good Annie Fotheringay drew her sister into her arms, as she had done many times in their earlier days.

"If only poor Edmund's property had not been lost in that dreadful mine! It seems that the dear fellow hoped to surprise me some day with a big fortune; but he had not counted on the fearful outlays in mining. No wonder he broke down so suddenly."

"The stock is still in his name, — or yours, now," — said Mrs. Fotheringay thoughtfully.

"I suppose so; but the mine is given up for want of capital to work it."

"Oh, well, Nellie! don't think about it, then. You have your house and your dear boy, and you are a famous little landlady."

"But the boarders find fault."

"Of course they do! That's what boarders are for, in part. And now I must start for home. Mayn't I take Ned with me?"

"But his school, Annie!"

"There's more than one school for young folks, and life on a farm isn't a bad one."

Mrs. Annie Fotheringay, too, was a widow. She had turned a pretty little country-seat into a garden of fruits and choice vegetables. There was a hot-house, too, which was her pride, and furnished floral offerings for great occasions for miles around.

It was sorely against her taste to torture her pinks and rosebuds on wires, and form them into stiff funereal wreaths; but she had to harden her heart, and attend strictly to business in this matter.

But close economy had not soured Mrs. Fotheringay's bountiful nature. She was just the right kind of aunt for Ned at this time.

She never scolded him; but he found himself trying to shut doors easy, because she said once that he was so gentle in the house. He would not for the world forget any of the errands she intrusted him with, — not because he feared a sharp reproof, but because it was so pleasant to hear her "That's all right, Ned. I knew you would attend to business."

He resolved that he would do errands as faithfully when he returned home, and perhaps his mother would be more like her old self again.

Meanwhile she had found that Ned, though often the object of her fretting, was not always the cause of it. It really seemed as if it would be a relief to have some one about that she could have a right to scold.

She found herself so irritable one morning that she had hard work to bear with the fault-finding of her most profitable boarder, one Capt. Lessard. He was one of those ferret-like mortals who must know the "whys and wherefores" of every thing, and often annoy others by their inquisitiveness.

On this occasion he had criticised the breakfast in a most trying way: she hurried through that meal, went to her room, and, turning the leaves of her little Bible, read or prayed Agur's prayer, "Remove far from me poverty and riches."

"I can't bear poverty," she moaned.

Knock! knock! at her door.

It was Joan, the kitchen-girl, with a telegram. The yellow envelope eclipsed all lesser worries as Mrs. Reed read, —

"Ned has fallen — broken his arm — injured internally — come.
A. FOTHERINGAY."

Leaving boarders with her servants, Mrs. Reed took the next train to Witham, where Mrs. Fotheringay lived.

Such a sweet little place! In the midst of her anxiety, Mrs. Reed was glad that her boy had been in



so much beauty this May weather. The garden was gay with hyacinths, while thousands of snow-white blossoms, upheld by the fruit-trees, made a garden in the air much fairer than that on the earth.

Parting the vines that drooped over the old-fashioned knocker, she was about to raise it, when the door opened, and bright Mrs. Fotheringay appeared, loaded with garden-tools.

"Nellie!" she exclaimed, "didn't you get a second telegram? I sent another after that first scare. My own doctor was out of town when Ned had his fall; and, in my fright, I sent for a travelling humbug stopping at the village hotel; and he told me what I telegraphed you.

"Soon after this 'doctor' left, Neddie recovered from the shock the fall had given him; and, for a boy who was said to have a broken arm, he seemed very lively. In fact, dear Nell, he is not hurt in the least; and here he comes from the village where he took the second despatch."

Ned was glad to see his mother, and thought she seemed as she did in the glad old days.

Now that her alarm for her boy had taken wing, she talked over some lesser troubles with her good sister—among others, the fault-finding of Capt. Lessard.

"It may be," said Mrs. Fotheringay, in her cheerful way, "that Capt. Lessard may prove a valuable acquaintance."

"I dare say," assented Mrs. Reed, feeling that she could thankfully put up with any annoyance, now that her boy was safe. "You are always right, Annie. You were right about Ned. Your way — 'to praise him a little' — has made his better qualities blossom like your hyacinths."

"Try it yourself, then," said her sister frankly, "or let me try it a while longer."

Mrs. Reed felt that she could not spare Ned at this time, when she was longing to make up for her past fault-finding.

She returned home with him that afternoon, reaching the house as the boarders were coming down to tea.

"Mrs. Reed!" said Capt. Lessard eagerly, as she met him at the foot of the stairs. "Boy all right? That's good! Boys have as many lives as a cat, especially when they fall out of a tree. And now, madam, if you'll let Ned pass on, I want to ask you one question. What was the name of the mine your husband was interested in?"

"It was called 'The Comfort,'" said she briefly.

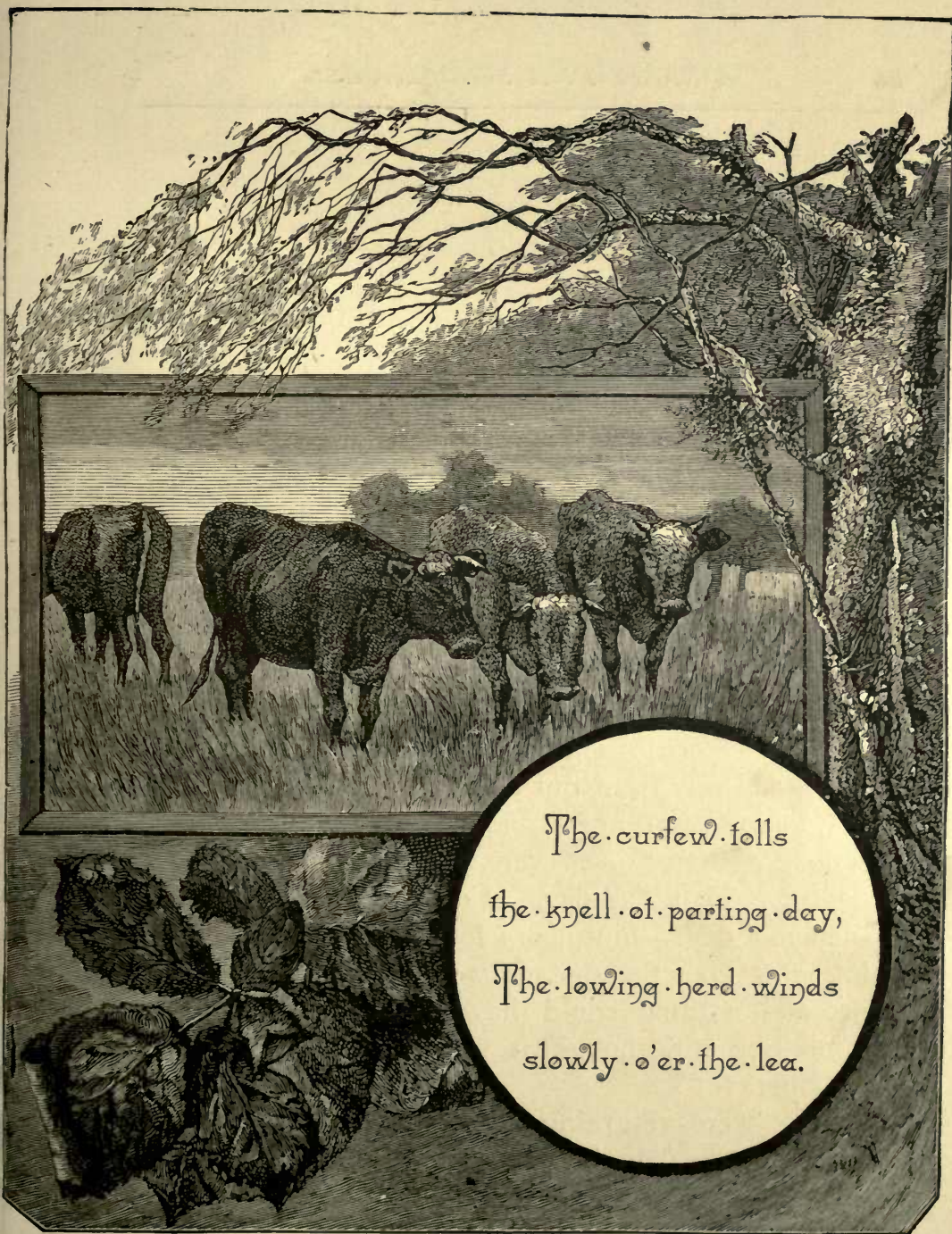
"Well, madam, I am prepared to offer you sixty thousand dollars for your interest in that mine; or I will make some other arrangement by which you may share equally with me the liabilities and the profits."

Mrs. Reed, in turn, asked a question or two, and learned, beyond doubt, that the ore-veins which flowed through the surrounding country in New Mexico un-

doubtedly enriched "The Comfort." Wealthy speculators were eager to develop it, and considered the large share Mrs. Reed owned easily obtained at the price which they paid Capt. Lessard for Mrs. Reed's interest.

In her own home, then, when the new year came, was the widow, free from boarders, independent, happiest in this, that she had learned to manage her boy following her good sister's simple rule, "*Praise him a little.*"





The curfew tolls
the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds
slowly o'er the lea.

A NIGHT IN A SCHOOLHOUSE.
—♦♦♦—

IT was a September day; and in the nooning teacher went with Sase, Rebecca, and me, way up to the glen for harebells. She was just the loveliest teacher, Miss Belcher was, not a bit prim and schoolma'am-y, but as graceful as a lily, and always dressed so charmingly that it was a delight to see her.

The schoolhouse was ever so far from our homes,—it wasn't a public school at all,—and was generally called "The Institution." Well, as I was saying, it was a good way from our homes, over a mile; and we used to carry our dinners, and have the nicest times at the noonings that ever were, especially when teacher staid too. That Tuesday,—I don't believe there ever was such a day!—out-doors looked like a splendid oil painting. Over the distant woods hung a delicious mist; and nothing could have been softer than the summer-like air, though it was past the middle of September.

As we were returning with our spoils,—we had found mountain laurel, Indian pipes, and, rarest of all,

a humming-bird's nest,—the mist suddenly lost its gay colors as if a fire shone behind it, and became as gray as if that fire had burned to ashes.

Miss Belcher shivered in her muslin spencer ; and we



were glad when we were in the schoolhouse, and a fire shook the old box-stove, and made almost as loud a roar as the wind outside.

For a rough wind had sprung up, and, in less than

half an hour, had chased every summer thing out of sight. You would never think it was the same world that it had looked in the glen when we girls were running about bareheaded. And it rained,—oh, how it rained!—and grew so dark. Miss Belcher was so frightened, the lessons went anyhow; and when she asked Mahala Russ, the red-headed girl that always was stupid, to write a simple sentence on the black-board for the class to parse, Mahala wrote “spiders bight,” and Miss Belcher never noticed the mistake.

Long before four o’clock, the fathers and brothers and rubbers and wraps began to come. Rebecca had two brothers and a father, and I had five brothers and a father; so we were sure our turn would come. As for Sase, too, supposing Mr. Bates, her father, did not come, so much the better, for she could go home with me. The Bates family and ours were like brothers and sisters; and there was a standing agreement, that if Sase or I failed to appear at our own supper-table, it was safe to conclude that we were together at the supper-table of the other house, and need not be expected home that night.

One after another of the girls was sent for, and then teacher’s turn came. She did not like to leave us three alone, but her cousin was in a hurry; so, after making sure that the fire was nearly out, she kissed us good-by, giving the key in charge of the last one that should go.

Sase and I felt a bit forsaken; but Rebecca was

such a jolly girl there was no such thing as staying gloomy. "I should like nothing better," she declared, "than to stay here all night. Wouldn't it be cosey? Got any thing left for supper?" Our dinner-baskets were found to have a few biscuits. "We'll toast them," she decided promptly, "and have baked apples for dessert." Flinging a shawl over her head, she dashed into the yard, and gathered up an apronful of apples which the wind had blown over the fence from Dr. Town's adjacent orchard.

"There are plenty of lights," she said, as she glanced around at the tin reflectors on the walls, before which were candles all ready for Professor Dunton's weekly writing-school the following evening. "Lots of wood, too, to keep up the fire; and now for the beds."

By this time Sase and I had fairly entered into the spirit of camping out. There were old-fashioned movable desks. We placed them side by side till we had a bedstead large enough, then placed lexicons for pillows, and our light wraps for coverlids.

Just as our housekeeping was in this promising state, the apples, propped on slate-pencils, slowly roasting over the embers, Rebecca's brother Ned drove up. He earnestly besought us to ride home with them, but we knew it would take him so far out of his way that we did not wish to trouble him; besides, of course some one would come for us. It wasn't so late as it looked, to be sure, Ned said. The storm made it so dark.

And dark enough it did seem when we had watched our jolly friend out of sight, and come back to our housekeeping. The apples had taken advantage of our absence. One had pitched into the coals, and the rest were scorched. It was really too dark to see when you stepped outside the circle of light that came from the stove-door.

We lighted a few candles. How the rain poured! It was dripping through the roof in places. All at once, some drops falling on a candle, it gave a sullen sputter and went out.

"Lucky that isn't our only candle," said Sase. How far away from everybody we seemed! There was indeed no house very near us; "The Institution" being built in state on grounds of its own, well walled and shaded. The nearest dwelling was a small cottage where the Widow Rugby lived. She was one of those indispensable characters that can serve in almost any capacity,—sewing, house-cleaning, or nursing. Mrs. Rugby was always, as she expressed it, "able an' willin'." But then she was a famous gossip, and our mothers often reminded us to be very careful what we said before Mrs. Rugby.

We school-girls disliked her; for she used to peep through the walls of the school-grounds, and report to our parents if we ate green apples.

It was a comfort, to-night, to see the light from her cottage window; for it was the only twinkle of life,

and not a carriage-wheel had rolled by since Ned and Rebecca rode away.

We were not sleepy. In fact, Sarah declared she could hear every thing that was happening for ten miles around. The sound of our own voices at last echoed in a frightful way; and we just sat with hands close clasped in silence, only stirring occasionally, like brave lighthouse-keepers, to snuff our candles with a hair-pin.

At last the deep clang of the nine-o'clock bell smote our hearts with despair. That meant the knell of all life in our little village for the night. The postmaster would turn his key, and go home. Lights would fade in lower stories to twinkle in upper stories, and then go out altogether. Standing by a window as we trimmed our candles, Sase whispered, in utter despair, "Widow Rugby has gone up-stairs."

Like shipwrecked mariners we watched that one little ray of hope in her window, expecting momentarily to see it go out. But no, it burned cheerily there.

In a few minutes a light shone in another window from a different side of the cottage. "That's 'Lijah's—'Lijah Rugby's room," said Sase. This new star soon set to re-appear down-stairs; and now a flickering beam of promise moved along the street, and came nearer—nearer to our prison.

Shortly before this, Widow Rugby had retired to her chamber. 'Lijah, her grown-up son, had sought his

bed an hour before. "Readin' allers made him sleepy," he declared, "and there was nothin' else to do a rainy night." His slumbers were, however, disturbed by his mother's shrill voice. It was her custom to see all that could be seen from her window just before going to bed, to satisfy herself that her little world was right for the night, as she bore the concerns of the neighborhood on her mind, "and could tell," so she said, "by the outside looks of a house, what was happening inside, be it birth, death, or marriage."

"'Lijah! 'Lijah!" she called. "I thought this was Tuesday night!"

"Well, well, what if it is?" was the sleepy response.

"Then, what's the Institution lighted up fer?"

"Dunno."

"Do you suppose Dunton hed the writin'-school to-night instead of Wednesday?"

"Dunno."

"An' if he hed, would there be anybody to it?"

"Dunno, and don't care."

"O 'Lijah! 'Lijah! What was we put into this mortal world for?"

"To go to sleep, for *one* thing," was the disrespectful reply.

"'Lijah Tinkham Rugby, them lights mean somethin'; an' it ain't writin'-school! But if you're *afraid* to go an' see, I'll"—

"I'd like to see something I was afraid of," said the

tremendous fellow, landing on the floor with a bound that made the cottage tremble.

And it was 'Lijah's lantern that we saw bobbing hopefully along the street toward us; and, though we had not a day ago poked fun at him, we welcomed him as an angel of light.

He made every thing safe at the Institution for the night, then hung his lantern around his neck, and, taking us in his arms, he wrapped his big cloak around us, and strode through the torrent to his mother's cottage.

"I'll never hate Widow Rugby again, as long as I live," I whispered Sase in deepest penitence, as we were left alone for a minute in the cosiest of kitchens. Shall I ever forget that open fire, with the ginger-tea brewing on the hob, the comforting odor of toast, the warm flannel night-gowns airing for us, while Widow Rugby, never happier, told us delicious tales of danger and rescue, all "coming out" beautifully, even if she had to make them up for the occasion, as we very well knew?

I suppose Sase's reception at home, next morning, was much like mine.

"Good-morning, Polly dear. All well at the Bates's?"

"Why didn't somebody come for me?" I asked.


"Your father passed Mr. Bates with his team. Father was riding too. He said, 'I'll get your daughter. Excuse me, I'm in a hurry,' or at least that was what father thought he said."

What Mr. Bates *did* say was, "Will you get my daughter? Excuse me, I'm in a hurry."

"Mrs. Rugby will tell you about it, mother!" I exclaimed, too indignant at the way in which we had been neglected to say more.

And Mrs. Rugby told the story with such additions and illustrations that this unvarnished tale bears little resemblance to her version of it.

THE WISE GOOSE.

OMEHOW or other, geese are made fun of, though they saved Rome, and nobody knows how many croupy children since,—though they give their feathers for pillows, and their lives for our Christmas dinners.

There was once a goose,—or perhaps I would better say, there was once a boy, and he fed some geese.

He also did a few other things. He was a poor boy, nephew of a couple that kept a place called "The Woodland Retreat," half-way between Milburn and Stokerstown. It was really a dreadful place, though it might look cosey enough as you drove by, but it was a pitfall of ruin; and the swinging sign, "Entertainment for Man and Beast," might have read, "Entertainment for *Beasts*."



It was little enough like men that its patrons behaved after partaking of the "entertainment" there.

How poor Dick hated the whole thing! He was a rough but noble-looking young fellow, with fine hopes that nobody had guessed of some day being a scholar, and giving little Jerry, his orphan brother, a different home from the carousing "Retreat."

How to do this was not yet clear to poor Dick. For the present, he was boy of all work,—now in the kitchen, now in the bar, now at the forge, now—and what he best liked—caring for the cows or chickens or geese.

It was a lovely day,—midsummer. Sand sparkled hot in the country roads; but the pure, bright air was neither too warm nor too cool. Swallows curvetted hither and thither; and, despite the dust, there was much riding past the Woodland Retreat. It was yet hardly late enough for the people to pass, that — *didn't* pass, but stopped for entertainment.

Dick was busy working the curved handle of the bellows of the forge; for, however unsteady his uncle made the feet of men, he was renowned for sending off horses safely shod.

Just at this time, a certain mother goose was conducting her family home from the pond.

Very much disgusted was she with them because, being chickens, they declined to swim, though urged by both precept and example.

This was probably why she was feeling irritable, and insisted that her trying brood should cross the road just as a high-spirited horse came trotting along.

This horse had just passed the open door of the shop where Dick was at work in the heat.

It was a pretty sight,—the judge's daughter, Miss Ethel, in her dark-blue riding-habit, her lovely golden hair dancing like sunbeams, her firm little hands guiding the black horse she rode.

Behind her followed her young brother Sam, on a less spirited nag. Both the judge's children were at home on a vacation, and the sight of them set Dick a-dream-ing over the schooling that he so longed to have.

A very short dream, when,—

“Squaw-k! squaw-k!” from mother goose.

Dick's uncle remarked that that goose was not a wise bird (using different language from what you or I would use to express the same idea), and started for the rescue with hammer in hand. But Dick's swift feet outran him; and Dick's strong hands grasped the bridle, and stopped the horse, as the last little yellow chick scooted after its noisy stepmother.

For some minutes the eyes of the black horse were like the forge-fire, with sparks flashing out of them, while the frightened creature's breath came in quick gasps.

He calmed at last, with those strong hands holding

him in, and the soft hands of his mistress patting him gently, and saying, —

“Why, Jupiter! what a goose you are!”

But mother goose was not so much of a goose after all. In fact, it must have been a contrived plan of hers to frighten the judge's horse, and let Dick save sweet Miss Ethel.

Of course the judge would do something handsome for the brave boy.

And so Dick left the groggery in the woods, and went to a boys' school in Milburn; and, in due time, the little brother went too, and both became good scholars and temperance men.

Mother goose couldn't teach her chickens to swim; but she was a wise goose, you see, for all that.





LOST! A GOLD WATCH.

EVERYBODY stopped under the linden-tree in front of Parson Blaikie's windows to read that notice; and everybody that knew the parson said, "What a shame!" for the parson's gold hunting-watch seemed a part of himself. Years ago, when he was a

long-haired Bowdoin student, teaching in his vacations to pay his way, this watch had been given him by a class of young ladies; and he delighted to tell of his surprise when it was handed him as a farewell token by the youngest and prettiest of the class.

But nothing was too precious for grandpa's pet! Babykins' mamma had gone to the city; and when babykins waked, frightened and inclined to cry, grandpa charmed him with the wonderful hunting-watch, — showed him the way it opened, the whirling wheels, the jewels inside that kept their precious eyes open day and night.

But soon the round little face was ploughed with frowns, and tears brimmed over the brown eyes.

Babykins must have the watch himself.

The tears won grandpa.

Babykins held the precious toy.

Tears again.

Babykins must take it on the door-step.

What a grandpa! But then, he meant to watch him every minute; only leave his pet a second while he found the daily paper: then two happy mortals, grandpa and babykins, could enjoy out-doors and the watch together.

Back came grandpa almost before you could say "Jack Robinson," — but the watch was gone.

Baby's two words were "mamma" and "Deddie" (meaning brother Edward), so he could give no account of the lost property.

Grandpa searched, everybody in the house searched, policemen searched, a notice was written for the tree in front of the house, and a few hours later was printed in all the evening papers.

But grandpa's watch never, never came back.

That good old watch! It had never failed to tell grandpa when it was time for church, and for funerals and weddings. It faithfully pointed to early bedtime and early rising, and was in every way such a well-brought-up gold watch.

To think it should fall into the hands of thieves!

But I suppose it did. We never knew. There's no "coming out" to this story. Babykins can't tell, and he's the only one in our house that knows.

WHAT BECAME OF THEM?



HERE was never a king that was more of a monarch than Willis Fay of Fay & Co.

His manufactories made a little kingdom by itself. There was a chapel, a schoolhouse, a grocery, and twoscore cottages, all supported by Fay & Co.

And, if Willis Fay was king, Mrs. Fay was queen, a mother as well as queen, looking well after the interests of the little colony.

Late in life a son was born to them; and then the

care of outside families was given up in a measure, while her attention centred upon this lovely boy.

When he was about two years old, his mother was aware that he was becoming more and more selfish every day of his life. His father saw it too.

"I have a plan," said Mrs. Fay, at supper, one evening. "Willie will just be spoiled if he goes on in this way. What would you say if I should go into Boston to-morrow, and visit some orphan-home, and find a little girl to adopt? If Willie could have a sister to grow up with him, I think it would be the best thing we could do for him."

Mr. Fay looked sober. "I don't know, mother. It's going to be a risky enterprise. But I agree with you, something must be done; and this may be the best thing."

Little Willie was pacified all day by comforting promises from his nurse, that mamma had gone to Boston to buy him a sister. At five o'clock, sure enough, the new sister came. She was a bright little thing, with brown eyes like Willie's own, a sweet saucy mouth, and a crown of wilful black curls.

"And so this is the sister that is going to tame Willie!" exclaimed Mr. Fay, as the restless midget dashed across the room, and snatched an apple from the hand of the astonished boy. "Why didn't you pick out one of these meek-looking little girls, Sarah Jane?"

"To tell the truth," said Mrs. Fay laughing, "this

one attracted me because she is the very image of Will. Don't you say so?"

She stood the two little "blackberries," as Mr. Fay called them, against the wall, and a bright little pair indeed they were.

The little girl was one of a family of three children left at the home for adoption. Mr. and Mrs. Fay gave the child their name and the christened name of Aster, which was duly bestowed upon her at the Fay Chapel on Michaelmas Day.

The altar was trimmed with Michaelmas daisies, while stars wrought out of the different varieties—white, lavender, or purple—hung in the Gothic windows. And a star among all was the little Aster, with her shining eyes, and a wreath of the white flowers whose name she bore resting on her black curls.

Years went by, increasing the love and interest for the child so heartily adopted.

By the time she was seventeen, the little colony of Fay's Mills was known as Fayville. A wonderful mineral-spring had been discovered in the vicinity; a rustic park was laid out, and city visitors thronged the place in pleasant summer weather. Up to this time, Aster had always believed she was Willie's own sister. It had been the desire of the Fays to bring her up as their own child, and to keep from her her real name.

Somehow a suspicion of the truth had come to Aster by the careless remark of an outsider, and she at once asked her mother if it could be possible.

"Why, mother!" she cried, "what an absurd story, when I am 'Fay all over,' as I've often heard you say; and some people even take me to be Willie's twin sister!"

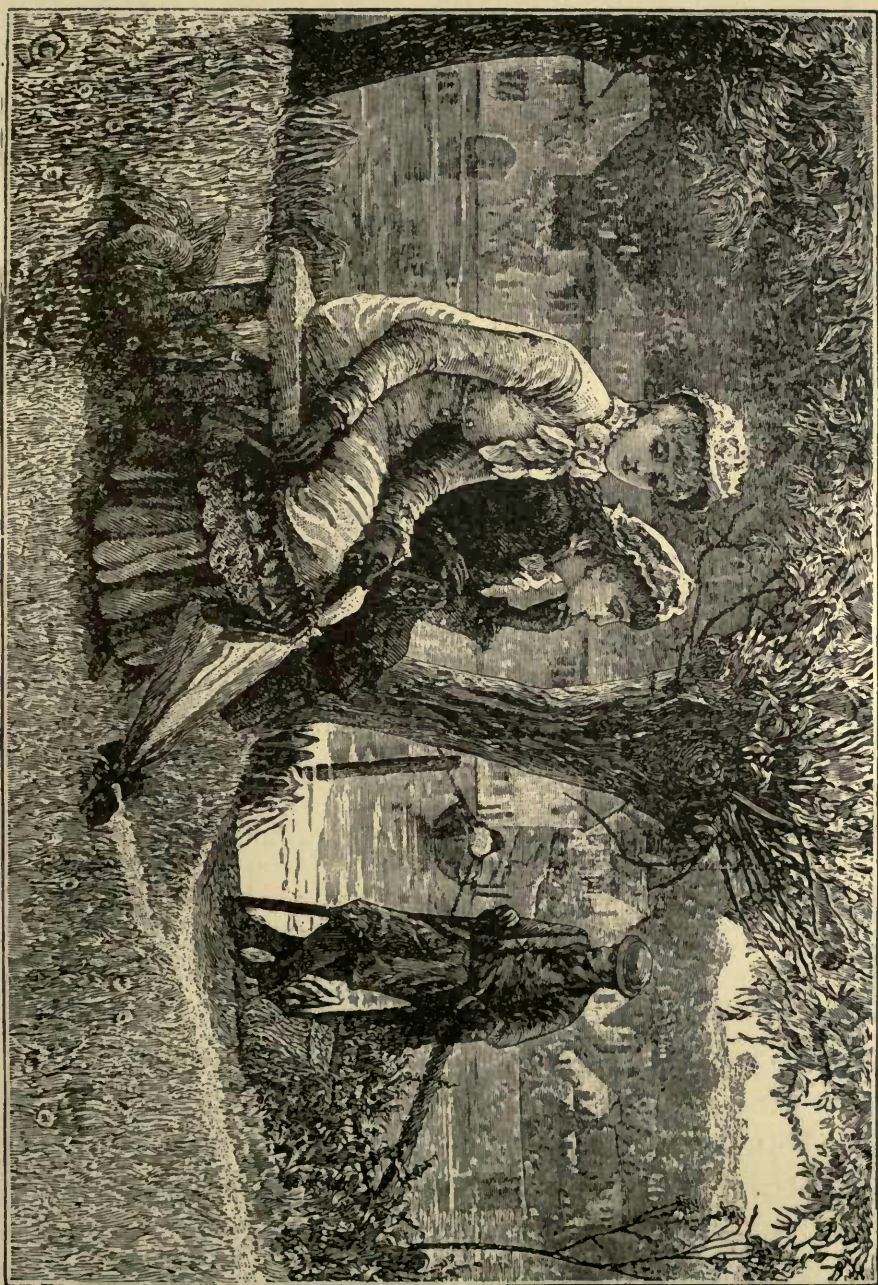
Mrs. Fay could not avoid a direct answer. So, quite as heart-broken as Aster herself, she admitted that she was not her own child.

"Then I must find out where I *do* belong!" exclaimed the hasty girl; and she at once started off with the intention of searching through the different Children's Homes in Boston, to find some clew to her parents; for Mrs. Fay would tell her no more, only begged her to still be their own dear child.

Aster's mind wavered as soon as she left the house; and she strolled into the little park, and idly watched a young couple that had just come in the half-hour boat that plied between Fayville and the railroad-station below.

It was evident that this couple were strangers to one another by their indifferent air. The young lady appeared quite as sad as Aster herself; and, after strolling about in an uncertain way for a while, finally seated herself on the rustic bench where Aster was meditating. The young man also seemed in "a brown study," as he leaned against a fence near the mill-pond, apparently too much interested in his own thoughts to notice anybody.

Presently the strange young lady inquired, "Can you tell me where Miss Fay lives?"



"I suppose I am the person you mean," said Aster sadly; "but I have just found out that that name does not belong to me."

"I came here to make some inquiries about Miss Aster Fay," continued the stranger; "but I think I would better see Mrs. Willis Fay."

Aster went with her to the dear home. As the young ladies were entering the door, a voice caused them to look around.

"Beg pardon," said the stranger Aster had noticed in the park, "I wish to see Mrs. Fay, if I do not intrude."

The good lady was soon at the door.

"I should be happy to introduce you to my mother, Mrs. Fay I mean, if I knew your names," said Aster.

"Miss Brooks,—Helen Brooks," said the young lady.

"Brooks! My name is Brooks!" exclaimed the young man.

"Brooks — Brooks" — repeated Mrs. Fay in a dazed manner.

"Yes, Brooks, Brooks," mimicked Aster, "but don't 'flow on forever!' If there is any way out of this puzzle, I should be glad to know it."

Mrs. Fay seated the young people, and told them this little story:—

"Fifteen years ago, a young widow with three little children believed herself to be incurably ill. She had a little property, but no near relatives. Having confi-

dence in a certain home for orphans, she committed her children to its management.

"She willed her property to the asylum; but it never received it, for the very good reason that the lady did not die. She submitted to a surgical operation in the hospital where she had expected to spend her few remaining days; and not only was her life spared, but she became quite well, and, naturally, wanted her children again. The older daughter she recovered; the son she could not find; the youngest child," said poor Mrs. Fay, speaking with great difficulty, "was so much loved by her adopted parents that they could not give her up; and her mother, feeling it would be for the child's advantage to remain with these selfish people, consented to let her do so."

Young Mr. Brooks told a chapter in this same story which we cannot have time to hear, and Miss Brooks told another chapter. Suffice it to say, they proved without doubt that Aster was their sister. She felt that it would be best for her to go back with them to her own mother, and she soon became very fond of them all: but her heart was somewhere else; and, by the time she was twenty years old, the little chapel at Fayville again shone with Michaelmas daisies, and good Mrs. Fay received Aster as daughter-in-law, rejoicing in the pretty new home across the street, where Mr. and Mrs. Willie Fay began their housekeeping.

CHARLIE PLAYING HACKMAN.

CHARLIE'S journey gave him many new ideas ; and one was a wish to be a hackman.

To be a hackman, one must have a hack and horses : it is also a good plan to have passengers and trunks. Charlie could only find a trunk, and he




began "being hackman" with that. It was only a dolly's trunk, but big enough to hold mamma's watch,

and the treasures in her upper drawer. Then he trotted down the street. Seeing a door invitingly open, he went in, astonished the people in the parlor by saying, "Trunk for you, ma'am!" and then rushed away,—a remarkable hackman, not to collect his pay! The people in this strange house were honest people, and, after a good deal of trouble, found where the trunk belonged.

Charlie promised never to be a hackman again.

A BOARDING-SCHOOL STORY.

HE parlor at Grove Seminary was crowded with young ladies just arrived, and waiting to have their rooms assigned them. Some were old scholars, and were sure of their location: many were new-comers, alone, or with their parents.

Occasionally a door would open, and the preceptor's voice would call two names. It was a study to see the first looks exchanged by the owners of these names, strangers to each other in many instances, but now to assume the familiar relation of "chum."

"Miss Adams! Miss Gonsalez!" called the important voice.

A rather prim-looking young lady rose modestly. At the same time, a dark and graceful girl, airily

dressed in India muslin, rose in an opposite corner, and, accompanied by an anxious-looking lady in widow's dress, went in the direction of the voice.



"Thank you, Mr. Wessen!" said the widow, with an approving glance at Miss Adams, as that young lady received the key for number 47. "May I accompany my niece to her room?"

"Certainly, madam!" said Mr. Wessen; and "By all means, ma'am!" echoed Miss Adams politely.

Miss Adams led the way with the ease of an old scholar, as she was; and, opening the door of "47," she said, "Here is our sanctum, Miss Gonzalez. How do you like it?"

"I like it, and I like *you*!" said the dark-eyed girl impulsively, placing a slight hand on her room-mate's shoulders.

"Pardon me, Miss Adams, if I say the same," said the elder lady. "My niece has never been away from me. I wrote Mr. Wessen to place her, if possible, with—well, in short, with just such a young lady as you appear to be. Do, I beg you, influence her to be a real New-England Puritan maiden."

"I can't help being half Spanish, auntie," said the pretty girl.

"I know it! I know it!" said the lady with a sigh.

Miss Gonzalez seemed relieved when her aunt had bidden her good-by, and had taken the evening train for Portland.

"What is your first name, please?" she asked her room-mate as soon as they were alone. "June? What a lovely name! Because you were born in June, I suppose. But if you don't laugh and play some I shall call you November."

Sedate as June Adams was, she was charmed with her gay little room-mate, and thoroughly enjoyed seeing her unpack her pretty dresses.

"You have every thing nice imaginable, Miss Gonzalez," said June at last.

"Call me Inez. Yes, I suppose so, except jewelry. It is a notion of auntie's that a school-girl should not wear it. I've loads that are to be mine when I come of age, but I have not even seen them yet. Auntie won't allow the plainest little brooch. Why, even you have a pin and a watch, I declare! and two or three rings. Any thing else?"

"Bracelets, but I don't care for them; and ear-rings, but I never wear them; and — perhaps you would like to see it — a necklace that was my mother's."

June unlocked her treasure-box, and held up a gold chain formed of heavy links. Hanging from it was a locket set in pale, clear stones of yellow topaz.

It was a sparkling affair, and Inez' eyes danced like the jewels.

"Could I try it on, one little minute?" she whispered in deep delight.

"I don't wonder you like jewelry: it seems made for you," said June, noticing how the eyes of the Spanish girl lighted up till it were hard to tell which jewels sparkled brightest.

A tap at the door interrupted the young ladies. Mr. Wessen stood there, two queer-looking girls beside him.

"Miss Adams," said the preceptor, "will you make these young ladies happy for half an hour while their

room is being made ready? We were not expecting them to-day. They are a wee bit homesick."

Georgia and Lucy Troop were the new-comers, and they looked *more* than "a wee bit homesick." Doubtless they felt that they were out of place and out of fashion. Their home was in a remote part of the British Provinces; and, though they had silks, furs, and jewelry in plenty, every thing was out of date.

June, with her usual kindness, made the strangers welcome; though she did not fancy them, and was glad when their room was ready for them. Hardly were they gone when the supper-bell rang, and from every room there was a sound of departing feet.

As June was turning her key, her new acquaintance, Georgia Troop, asked to borrow it. "Our key is lost," she explained; "and Mr. Wessen says we may borrow yours, if you please, as it fits our lock, till he can get a new one for us. I will hand it to you directly."

Inez pouted in a most disdainful way.

"I wouldn't let her have it if I were you," she whispered. It was at least ten minutes before Georgia came into the dining-room. She laid the key beside Miss Adams's plate as she passed on to the seat assigned her, and every one noticed how awkward and ill at ease she appeared.

"She has taken time to rummage all over our room," whispered Inez to June in much displeasure.

Inez took the key, and went to "47" alone, as June

was demanded elsewhere. Inez fancied she saw many things displaced; but one thing was certain,—June's necklace was nowhere to be found. June was distressed at the loss. Every place in the room was searched with no success. Then, most unwillingly, she told Mr. Wessen about it. He delegated a lady teacher to examine particularly every inch of number 47, and to forbid Miss Gonzalez to leave the room. June and Inez were indignant at this, and swore eternal friendship when their persons and their belongings had been searched and no necklace was found. Then Miss Troop and her sister were "delivered over to the custom-house officers," as June expressed it. Nothing was found there; but suspicion rested upon the unpopular strangers, and they were "severely let alone" for the entire term.

Miss Adams and Miss Gonzalez, however, were the pets of the seminary. June's goodness, as well as her good looks, made her attractive; while "the little Spanish beauty," as Inez was called, was always in demand.

The last night of the term the young ladies gave a farewell entertainment, inviting the teachers and a few approved acquaintances from Grove Village. As lively Inez declared, "it was to be a masquerade without the masks."

June was to be "Priscilla Alden." Inez was to take the part of her namesake in the ballad—

"Oh! saw ye not fair Inez?"

The Troop girls were not asked to assume any character. Inez wrote a beseeching letter to her aunt; and, in return, there came a valuable package containing a rich dress, — Spanish lace over yellow satin, and one set of the jewelry that Inez had so often longed to see.

“O June!” she said in delight, as she raised the cotton that hid the glittering beauties, “here is a complete set of yellow topaz, — ear-rings, brooch, bracelets, — and, oh, how much the necklace is like yours!”

“The very same thing, I should say!” exclaimed June.

“Indeed it is not!” flashed Inez. “Take back your words this minute, or you shall not see my mother’s picture in this locket!”

“My mother’s picture, you mean,” said June. “Do you think I don’t remember every bit of that necklace? I should know it in Spain!”

“I defy you to prove it is your mother’s necklace!” cried the indignant Inez.

“Wear it to-night,” said June calmly, “if it is any satisfaction to you; but before the evening is over, it will be decided where the necklace belongs.”

Not another word was exchanged between the room-mates.

Very sweet and prim June looked as “Priscilla Alden,” that evening; and very brilliant was Inez in her lace and topaz.

The first of the evening passed gayly, and "the unmasked masquerade" was a success. Later, there was confusion and whispering among the girls. A strange gentleman with a military air was seen to pass through the hall to Mr. Wessen's private sitting-room. "Priscilla" was summoned to leave her flax; "Fair Inez" was called also, and then the Troop girls.

"You say, Miss Adams," said the detective, after requiring of her the facts regarding the necklace, "that the locket contains your mother's picture?"

"Yes, sir."

"My mother's picture," corrected Inez haughtily.

"Speak when you are spoken to, Miss Gonsalez," said the preceptor sternly.

Inez pressed the spring of the locket: it flew open, revealing a young Spanish face enough like Inez, in its proud beauty, to be her mother.

"Allow me to take that locket one moment," said June.

Inez refused; but, Mr. Wessen insisting, she unclasped the necklace and gave it up.

June pressed a secret spring in the reverse side, and there was an old-fashioned miniature of a young gentleman. "This was my father," said she. "The necklace and locket were his wedding-present to my mother. The miniature which Inez has taken out was painted after her marriage. Here are their names, and the date when the necklace was given."

Plainly to be seen in Old-English text, within the cover of the locket, was the inscription "Thomas Adams and Lovice Gray, 1837."



"Miss Gonzalez' aunt," said Mr. Wessen, "informed me of her niece's besetting sin of stealing; but hoped

that, with the influence of such a room-mate as Miss Adams, she might be restrained from taking what did not belong to her. A sad feature of this case is, that Miss Gonzalez has allowed suspicion to rest upon two homesick girls, who have been virtually ostracized the entire term. Now, I can say once more," said Mr. Wessen, warmly addressing Georgia and Lucy, "what I have told you again and again, that I believe in you, and that justice will have her rights at last."

It was a sad sight to see poor Mrs. Roberts the next day, when she came for Inez. The theft was bad enough, but the meanness of putting it upon two unhappy girls doubled the crime.

Mrs. Roberts would not allow her niece to return home with her, nor would Mr. Wessen permit her to stay in the seminary. A boarding-place was found at a quiet sea-side village, with Inez' former nurse.

The change from being admired to being shunned humbled the proud girl. At first she was defiant, but better feelings sprung up. She asked forgiveness of all she had injured, and honestly tried to live right.

Hull, the quiet place where Inez boarded, is a famous resort for butterflies. I don't mean the "butterflies of fashion," so called, but the *real* butterflies,—flowers on wings that flutter above the wild geranium and golden-rod.

One August morning, as Inez, accompanied by her nurse and her little cousin Bertie Roberts, was in quest



of these butterflies, she saw a young lady approaching. The stranger advanced with the eagerness of an old

acquaintance. Inez did not recognize the graceful young lady till she had fairly offered her hand.

"Why, Georgia Troop!" she exclaimed.

A year at Grove had improved Miss Troop wonderfully. Inez was improved also, though she was never again the light-hearted girl of old.

When the fall term began at Grove, and the young ladies gathered in the old parlor to hear their names and the number of their rooms as usual, Mr. Wessen announced, "Miss Troop! Miss Gonsalez! number 47."

June Adams had graduated. Lucy Troop was dead. Other changes made almost a new place of the Grove a year ago. But there was no such unpleasant exhibition of vanity, theft, and deceit. Inez was respected, having proved her penitence and reformation.





THE METHODIST HORSE.



YEARS ago there was a neat little village, that looked for all the world as if it might be packed in a box and sold for a Christmas present.

There was one street, and trees enough to make a prim row along it, and houses enough to be shaded by the trees, and just one church.

By and by somebody built a great mill; and then houses big and small were put up here and there, and soon a good Methodist minister held services in different houses.

Now, there were three little children who had always lived in "Their Village," as they called it, and thought it was a wrong thing to have any change.


The Methodist minister was a very kind man, fond of children, always spoke to them, and often had something good in his pockets for them. You may know, then, that he was surprised one day, when he was about to harness his horse and start for the next village, where he was to preach.

He was just slipping the bridle over the horse's head, when a wild shout was heard; and on rushed a terrible army of three children armed with cornstalks. "The Methodist horse! The Methodist horse!" was their war-cry; and, sure that they were doing a good thing to drive the new religion out of town, they did not stop till the frightened horse was far enough away to lead his master a long chase, and prevent his keeping his appointment.

I've seen older people act the same way, but these poor children didn't know any better.



PEARL.

 ISHERMAN JOE'S wife Rachel was wiping the dish-pan. The blue plates, which half an hour before had served the crisp fried potatoes and perch, were in their places on the shelves, as well as the tea-cups and saucers. The bit of a room was bright and warm, and the good wife was the kind of woman that makes any room seem comfortable.

Fisherman Joe's boat was hauled up for the night. But, to Rachel's disappointment, he rose from the table and put on his tarpaulin suit.

"The sea is powerful uneasy sence the storm, Rachel. The tide is bringing in drift-wood; and I've a mind to go down to the beach, the moon is so bright, and get a mess."

"All right, Joe," replied Rachel cheerily. "Hold on a minute, and I'll go with you."

Joe hesitated a moment.

"Well, well, Rachel, I suppose you'll say I've taken leave of my senses: but I had a curus dream last night, an' I ruther you'd stay at home, and have the fire bright an' the tea-kittle a-singin', an' things sort o' cosey, agin I come back."

Rachel looked alarmed. She had a great respect for dreams herself.

“Why, Joseph! Tell me, man. If there’s harm coming to you, I must go too.”

“It was a good dream. Never you fret; and don’t ask me what it was, for I won’t tell you.”

With this rough but kindly meant reply Joe hastened toward the beach, to which the incoming tide brought its arms full of driftwood and seaweed rich with shells.

Fisherman Joe made a fine picture as he stood there, looking as anxiously as if he were expecting his ship to come in. His ship! Why, the poor man owned only the smallest of fishing-boats, and his little unpainted cottage with its three rooms.

A wild storm had raged all along the coast two days before. On this third day the sun had come out; but, as Joe said, “It hadn’t cleared off good natur’d: the wind had kinder backed ’round, and we should catch it agin, sartain!” The moon shone but fitfully. Ragged white clouds covered it partially, looking like the ragged white waves below.

As Joe stood watching the fluttering foam, a something that fluttered, yet was not foam, caught his eye. He darted forward, aimed the grappling-iron swiftly but carefully,—brought in his prize. His dream had come true. He held in his arms a little child.

“She’s dead, Joe! dead as a door-nail!” said the



fishermen he met. But he only smiled, as if he were sure she would be brought to life again, supposing she were dead.

"It is just as I dream't, Rachel!" he cried, as he pushed open the cottage door, and placed the frozen-looking little form, all dripping with the sea-water, in his wife's arms.

She was greatly relieved to find that the dream did not mean that her husband was to be drowned; but she said nothing of that, — only hastened to restore the child. Her husband helped, with a hand as firm and gentle as a physician's; and great was the joy of the worthy couple when the child's blue eyes opened, and she swallowed the warm milk that Rachel offered.

"I dream't I should find her," said Joe; "and I dream't that her parents were drowned, and that we should never find a clew to them."

"I want her," sighed Rachel, giving a motherly hug to the little thing; "but you know how it runs in all the tales: these almost-dead darlings that are washed ashore are oft-times adopted by poor folks like ourselves. Then, when they've become a part of your very heart, up turns a lord or lady, and the poor man's darling goes back to her own parents."

"Of course," said Joe, "'twouldn't be right to keep her ef 'twa'n't right; but it's my judgement that her parents — be they lord and lady, or poor folks like ourselves — have been drowned, and that our prayer for a child is answered in this way. I *dream't* it, Rachel."



"Then, what shall we name her, Joe?" she said. "What is the best thing that comes out of the sea?"

"Out of the sea? I don't know nothin' better than mackerel."



"Mackerel! Goodness, Joe! What a name would 'Mackerel Nelson' be for a child!"

"Oh, you want a *name* for her! Is that it? How's *Pearl*? That comes out of the sea."

So "Pearl" she was named. There was no clew to

her original name. The simple white nightdress she wore was not marked.

"There's only one thing sartain," said Joe, as he smoothed her flaxen hair: "she can't be an Injun."

She came up like a flower in the humble little home to which she had so strangely drifted. Whether in the cottage with her pets around her, or playing on the beach among the boats, she was just the sweet little pet that the warm-hearted couple had long craved. It was because their own little girl had died that they had such tender feelings.

Their other child—a rough, wayward boy—had run away to sea years before. They never knew what became of him; but in heaven, I think it will be a glad surprise to find that their little Pearl was their son's child. He and his Norwegian wife were on their way to the little fishing-village when they were wrecked. But the waves which covered them bore their darling to be the comfort of her grandparents.



THE FIDDLER'S FARM.
—♦—

GRANDPA and I were riding along the river-road. It was June, and a thunder-storm was beginning to scowl in the west. Grandpa was just urging old Fan into a trot, when we came upon what I called "such a pretty scene." Close by the fence, all among the daisies and mown grass, with a big dog for pillow and guardian, slept the sweetest little boy, while an umbrella shaded his fair head from the sun. Near by, two women and a farm-hand were making hay with all speed, trying to get ahead of the shower evidently.

"Hold on, please!" I whispered to grandpa. "Just look half a minute. Isn't that a pretty scene?"

"Not a bit of it!" said grandpa, frowning. "That's a kind of women's rights I don't care to see."

With that, he chirruped to Fan, snapped his whip sharply in the air,—he never would touch a lash to the faithful old horse,—and we whisked out of sight of the hay-field "quicker than you could say Jack Robinson."

"Well, now, grandpa!" said I. "Who would ever think you were so far behind the times?"



"Oh, women are welcome to get in the hay, if it pleases them; but to think that Mary Ann Parmenter should *have* to come to it! Mary Ann was the belle of Farmington, and the daughter of the richest man there.

"It wasn't the old man's ducats that the young fellows cared so much for; but any mother's son of them would have walked from Aroostook to Kittery Point for a smile from pretty Mary Ann. And she must needs take up with that worthless Ira Dolliver! Everybody knew that he was a nobody; but then, he could sing and dance and fiddle, and the girls were all bewitched about him. He started a singing-school in Farmington,—it was there that Mary Ann met him; and, although he couldn't finish out the term because he was so deep in debt that he didn't dare show his head in the village, Mary Ann had a thousand excuses for him; and everybody was so surprised when it was known that she had married the fiddler!


"Her father was too angry to see her ever again; but he had some compassion on her, gave her that small farm in the outskirts that we just passed,—threw it in her face, you might say.

"For a short time Mary Ann was as happy a bride as you could wish to see; but Ira soon showed his real colors,—lazy, selfish, and drunken, he did not care how things went at home. He could fiddle and sing to other girls miles away.

"Mary Ann is a young woman, but she is gaunt with worry, and aged with man's work.

"Oh, yes! it's lovely-looking enough to see the child and the dog among the flowers, and the maid and mistress raking up the hay; but, knowing the facts in the case, don't ask me to say 'it's a pretty scene.'"

MISS MISCHIEF.

HAT was what Kittie Goodenow was called when she was a child, and I am sorry to say she deserved the same name when she was fifteen years old. At that time she was a pupil in Miss Lee's boarding-school for young ladies. She was very pretty, with her soft hazel eyes, and hair to match, — rippling, without the aid of bandoline or crimping-pins, over her fair forehead, and gathered in a graceful knot.

"She's a particularly guileless-looking girl, is Kit," said one of her schoolmates; "but all I need to ask of a girl's looks is, 'Has she hazel eyes, and are they *witch-hazel*?' That's Kit's kind."

It was vacation-time; and Kittie was presiding at home over the servants and her young brother and sister. Her father had gone to Florida for his invalid wife, who was much improved by her winter in the land of oranges and soft breezes.

A thought came into Kittie's busy head,—a most thoughtless thought; but, as usual, she was ready to follow the first plan that suggested itself, so she hastened to carry this out.

"It would be so nice to have a little surprise for mamma," she announced to her sister and brother; "and this is what I mean to do. You know that old portrait in the hall, Maud,—that one of the cunning little girl? Well, you let me bang your hair and cut off your curls, and you'll make a lovely 'her.' I'll rig you up in sweet old-fashioned things, then take out the portrait, frame *you*, and hang you up instead. Won't that be too lovely?"

"How *can* you hang me?" said the admiring younger sister, willing to be hung by the neck if need be.

"Oh! *stand* you up, I mean. I'll push a tall ottoman under the picture, then swing the frame outward, and you'll have plenty room. I shall drape the lower part of the frame with green. All the pictures are to be trimmed."

"And what can *I* be?" said little brother.

"You shall be that other darling portrait, and wear my best hat and feather, and mamma's point-lace.

"The fun of it will be when mamma comes. She will say, of course, 'Where are the children?' And I shall say, 'Oh, they're about the house! I saw them only a minute ago.' Then I will hunt for you, and the servants will hunt, and papa and mamma will hunt,



and we'll see how long it will be before they find you. Won't it be splendid? Do you suppose you can keep as still as little images?"

Fairer than any thing ever done on canvas were the little living portraits; when the pleasant sound of carriage-wheels announced that papa and mamma were almost home.

Kittie stood in the doorway to greet them; and, if her cheeks were a wild-rose red with excitement, it were little wonder.

The expected question was asked, and the answer given. The servants' surprise was the greatest, for they all declared it was but a few minutes ago since the children were capering about from attic to cellar.

Mrs. Goodenow was just beginning to feel alarmed, when she spied a tangle of golden curls, which, in Kittie's hurry, had been left on the carpet just as they dropped from her naughty scissors. The poor mother turned white, and staggered feebly toward the open door with the treasure in her trembling hands. The sight was too much for one loving little portrait. With a wild cry she sprang toward her mother, bringing the heavy frame with her. When, a moment later, the startled family gathered in the hall, there was little Maud in a heap of evergreen boughs and fragments of gilded frame, and there was poor mamma white and still like death.

For hours the good family physician watched for

returning life; and, when the dear eyes opened, Kittie's joy was almost beyond control.

It would be too much to say that the lively girl never did wrong again; but this sad lesson taught her to be thoughtful, and she became her mother's faithful helper and companion, as the right kind of "eldest daughter" is sure to be.

LITTLE WINNIE.

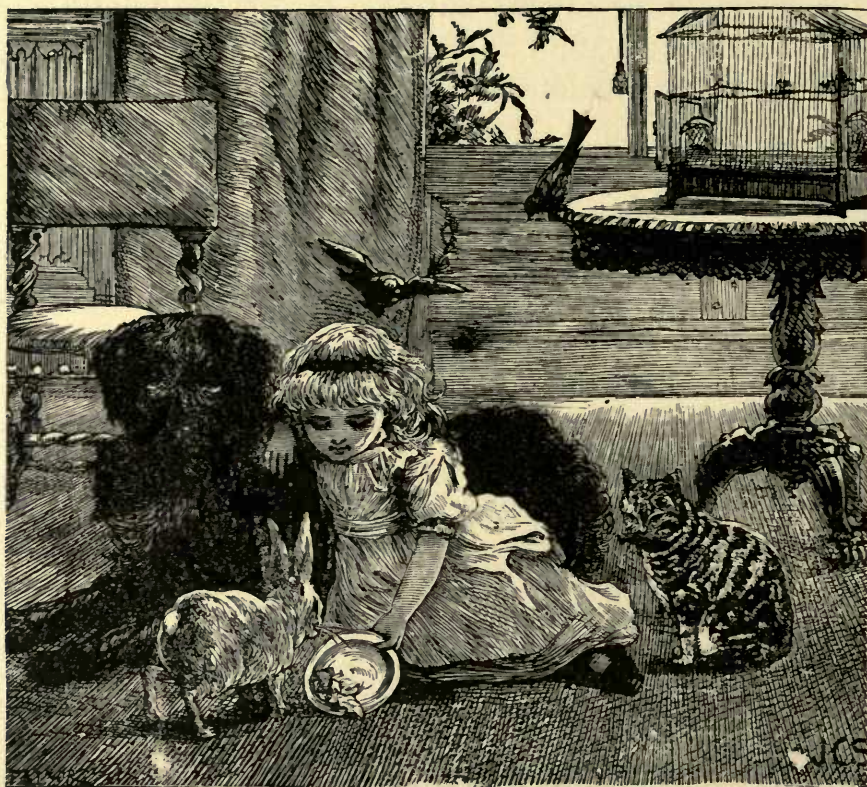


HERE'S an odd little portrait hanging on somebody's parlor wall. It represents a corner of that very parlor: a bright bit of carpet, a register, the walls with their simple olive paper. By the register is a child's willow chair; and in the chair the dear child herself, looking not "like a picture," but just like herself, with a yellow flannel nightdress, and in her arms a precious, battered old doll cuddled up for by-lo time.

This was the picture that little Winnie's father saw every night when he came home from town,—the picture of little Winnie that everybody loved, from the old minister down to dog and cat, rabbits and birds.

Eight o'clock was rather late for three-years'-old bedtime, but the indulgent mother couldn't deny the wish of both father and child: so, when Winnie had taken

her bread and milk, and was all ready for bed, she was allowed to sit in her warm little corner till papa came, and then ride on his shoulder to her crib.



It was just a few moments of delight, but looked forward to all day long by both papa and Winnie, and I'm not sure but mamma enjoyed it as much as any of the three.

Then, when the little fair head was nestled on the

pillow, papa would always say, "Good-night, Winnie! I'll see you in the morning."

"Winnie will see *you* in the morning," the sweet, sleepy voice would echo.

One stormy night Winnie's papa came home to a sad house; no little Winnie in the bright corner.

"Scarlet fever, malignant form; no hope," was what the doctor said.

"She will not know you: you would better not see her," said the poor mother.

But, bending tenderly over the dear flushed face, the father whispered,—

"Good-night, Winnie dearest! I will see you in the morning."


The sweet eyes opened once more. "Winnie'll see *you* in the morning," she whispered — and was gone.

She lay in her little casket dressed in the comfortable yellow nightdress, and her precious old dolly folded close in her arms.

When her father kissed her good-by, the minister who attended the funeral heard him say, "Good-night, Winnie! Papa will see you in the morning."

Two or three sad years went by, and the father was taken as suddenly ill as his little girl had been. He was delirious from the first; but, just before the wild fever had finished its work, he looked up brightly, and "Good-morning, Winnie darling!" were his last words here, and his first words *there*.

FAITHFUL JANET.
—♦♦—

H, do, Miss Fisher! You can go as well as not. And you'll never have a better chance." It was faithful Janet that spoke,—Janet with her gold-bright hair and sky-blue eyes, that Baby Genie loved next to his pretty mother's curls, and merry face.

"You know, *Miss* Fisher," Janet went on earnestly, —she could never remember to say "Mrs." Fisher, — "I wouldn't leave Genie out of sight a minute, and you'd never—I hope—have the chance to see your sister married again."

Mrs. Fisher hesitated a moment. She had never left her nine-months-old little one to be gone over night; but it *was* a temptation to see sister Bee married, and Mr. Fisher followed up Janet's persuasions.

The result of it all was, that the three-o'clock train from Weller saw Mr. and Mrs. Fisher on their way to Boston; while Janet and Baby Genie, equally happy, were in the back meadow feeding the pony with sweet June grass.

The little darling came in then, quite ready to enjoy



his supper, and slide into slumber-land. Janet laid the rosy little sleeper in his crib, softly lowered the shades, and then, with the cup of milk which Genie was too tired to finish, she started for the kitchen; when the door-bell rang. The sudden jingle roused baby a bit; and, while Janet lingered till her charge was again asleep, the caller had gone.

Janet stepped out on the stoop, and looked up and down, hoping that the call was nothing of importance.

It had been a hot summer's day; but now a cool wind was blowing a flame of many-colored clouds in the west, and setting every flower and leaf a-dancing, rattling the blinds, too, and, alas!—before Janet could stop it—banging the door, clinching the spring-lock, thus hopelessly shutting her out from her little charge. Every other door was locked also, and all the windows securely fastened.

This house which the Fishers had taken for the summer was a lovely, but lonely, country-seat, quite off the main road, and far from any neighbors.

Janet would never have dared to leave Genie alone while she should run half a mile to the nearest house for help. It did not occur to her to break a window-pane, and reach in to undo the fastening: in fact, I doubt if she would have felt it was justifiable to do so. But get in she must, somehow. She raced around the house like a wild creature, and at last spied an open ventilator which, guarded only by wooden slats, sup-

plied cool air to the milk-room. These slats she soon pushed away; and then, regardless of the fact that the little ventilator was hardly wide enough to admit a child, she forced her own compact shoulders part way in with such energy that she could not get them out again, nor, of course, could she get them in any farther. There she was, poor girl, in a vise! As it happened, no one went by that night; and her frantic cries for help only mocked her in echoes from the white walls of the milk-room.

The earliest provision-dealer, driving his cart up the grassy road to the kitchen door next morning, was surprised to see what he thought was a female burglar. Armed with his cleaver, he went valiantly to secure her, but was astonished at her rapturous greeting; and, soon learning her story, used his cleaver to good effect in rescuing her.

Together, then, they went up-stairs, poor Janet so ill and exhausted she could hardly step. There they found the young cherub who had caused such anxiety, doing remarkably well.

He had climbed over his crib into a chair, helped himself to the remains of his supper, and had just pulled over his mother's work-basket, and was having a delightful time with the forbidden buttons, needles, and scissors that babies enjoy above all permitted toys.

Mrs. Fisher and her husband returned that day, and Janet was tenderly nursed through the nervous fever that followed her fearful night in the ventilator.

It proved to be the provision-dealer who had pulled the bell, and called Janet to such an unlooked-for experience. He tried his best to make amends by sending all the delicacies of the season to the sunny-haired invalid.

If this were a grown-up story, I could tell of a September wedding, when the provision-dealer was around bright and early — but without his cart. I think, however, I will stop right here.

THE SPARROWS.



THIS surly dog does not thank the sparrows for their morning song. In fact, he would rather not hear it. It bothers him, disturbs his morning nap, reminds him that he can't pick up his breakfast anywhere, and altogether makes him uncomfortable. He wishes a law had been passed years ago, preventing the immigration of sparrows into this country.

Our own little sparrows, Snap thinks, are civil birds enough. The song-sparrow sings sweetly, and knows enough to go south winters, and not haunt a fellow's kennel-door. The chip-sparrow, too, goes south, and stays till one is really glad to see him back. But



these English sparrows! They are not graceful, nor musical, nor have they lovely feathers; and here they stay the year through, with their everlasting "Te-wit! Te-wee!"

All the above is Snap's opinion, and the opinion of some other Snaps who think there is precious little "English reserve" about these imported birds. They were first brought to this country from Manchester, England, in 1856, and the following spring set free in Brooklyn, N.Y., for the defence of the trees, and the people as well, from the canker-worms which swung their disagreeable hammocks from the branches above the sidewalks so that pedestrians took to the middle of the streets.

The sparrows were too much for the canker-worms.

But, notwithstanding their social ways, they are quarrelsome at times; and the dear robins and blue-birds are driven off as well as the worms and caterpillars.

I shouldn't want the sparrows to leave, though. Most cheering is the sight of the little, chirping things, hopping about in the winter snow or the summer dust, twittering a song of trust and comfort to many a discouraged soul.



BETTER THAN CANDY.

MR. HERBERT BROWN, bachelor, was packing his very tidy valise, when his mother said, "Now, don't put that in! It's caramels, isn't it?"

"No, ma'am! It's sugared almonds and gum-drops this time."

"Well, please don't teach those young Arabs to expect something *every* time you come."

"Why, Mrs. Brown!" said the young man. "The idea of your speaking of your own grandchildren as Arabs!"

The fond grandmother smiled. She loved the "Arabs," and always brought them candies.

Mr. Herbert packed his goodies; and, as he travelled countryward, he thought of the "pure, disinterested love of childhood."

The children, Will, Johnnie, and Prissie, were playing horse, — the horse being a good, steady log, — but they rode with such spirit that little Growl, their dog, nearly wagged his small tail off in excitement.

As their uncle passed them on his way to the house to speak to his sister for a few minutes, he said, "I shall leave a bag of candy for you."

This pleasing news made the bright eyes shine brighter, but they were too much interested in driving to leave it even for candy.

Mr. Brown made his call, and was passing down the schoolhouse hill, where the children were at play, on his way to the train.

"Well, good-by, children!" he said, "I am going."

"Did you leave that candy in that bag?" inquired Prissie anxiously.

"Yes."

"*All* the candy in that bag?"

"Yes!" said the devoted uncle.

"Well, good-by, then."

But, for all that, Uncle Herbert believes the children love him better than candy; and he is right.



MANLY SPORTS.

JINGLE, jerk! The horse-car was packed, and lumbered its way out from the city streets into the country, which early spring was trimming up with maple tassels and willow fringe.

What a variety of people! Students, school-girls, dainty children; and here three sportsmen, with rifles and wallets. "Tell ye!"



said one of these in a high, petulant voice, "I wouldn't give a snap for your heavy gun. Mine is a nine-pounder, and she's perfect. What does a man want with any other pet, be it horse or whatever? I'd not give my rifle for any of 'em. There she is, bright, alive, responds to your instant touch. She's the pet for me! Shot fifteen birds, one morning I was out, and nineteen squirrels last week."

"Poh!" said a gruff voice near a second rifle, "git out with your squirrels! I've shot seven b'ars!"

A golden-haired child of seven hid behind her brother's jacket at this. It was a relief when the three dreadful men suddenly left the car, and stamped off toward the Brighton road.

"I hope I shall never see them again," said little Ada, as she and Tom, having left the car, walked up the garden-path home.

"Oh! we may see them," said Tom, with the air of a boy who hoped he *should* see them. To tell the truth, Tom thought it would be a pretty nice thing to own a rifle and a fancy pointer and setter, and be able to "shoot a bird on the wing," even if he could never boast of killing "seven b'ars."

After dinner the children set forth on a walk for flowers. As they lingered, watching a farmer turn up the rich soil with his ploughshare, the sudden, sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and a wounded bird dropped at their feet. Ada tenderly gathered the quivering

bunch of feathers in her apron ; and, when the piteous eyes of the dying thing looked up as if for sympathy, it was Tom that gave it quite as much as Ada.

"I tell you," said the boy earnestly, as they walked soberly homeward, "I'll never shoot for the fun of it,—never!" And, though Tom is now the manliest of young fellows, he has kept his word.

THE FAVORED ONE.



HE Rev. Mr. Smith was thirty-five years old, and had a few facts to think about. First, he was out of health ; second, he was out of money ; third, he had a wife and three small daughters ; and, as if these were not enough facts for one man, on Christmas morning a fourth daughter was born.

A deep sigh shook the parish (or, was it the winter wind?). But Miss Otillia Hope Blood was happy. "Now is my chance," said she to herself. The reason she said it to *herself* was because she had no one else to say it to ; Miss Blood being an unmarried lady, rich, old, and lonely. She ordered her sleigh, and drove to the parsonage.

"I called on business," she announced ; "and, as I can't so well say what I want as to write it, here is a

letter for you to read at your leisure. I sha'n't be offended if you say me nay, though I *shall* be disappointed."

She would stay to say no more; so, leaving her love for Mrs. Smith and the new baby, Miss Blood departed.

This was the letter she left:—

MR. AND MRS. SMITH.

My dear Friends,—I make bold to propose the following. Knowing that your three daughters, Anne, Mary, and Martha, bear respectively the names of their mother and grandmothers, I am not presuming on the rights of near relatives when I ask you to call the baby for me,—*Otillia Hope Blood*."

I would like, in this way, to have a special interest in the child, and to have that child cherish a special interest in me.

You can understand that the name I propose, while it is not desirable in itself, may be of advantage to her.

Hoping to hear from you favorably,

I remain your sincere friend,

O. H. B.

Mrs. Smith, who was romantic, though she was poor and a minister's wife, was already trying on such names as "Blanche" and "Lilian," and wondering how they would fit this blue-eyed daughter, when she heard Miss Blood's proposal.

"That horrid name!" she exclaimed. "No, my darling! we are poor, I know; but 'a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.' Pardon me, Aaron," she said, as a shadow passed over her husband's reverent face, "I did not mean to quote Scripture lightly."

"I did not notice what you said, Anne," replied Mr. Smith absently (he was still dwelling upon the aforementioned *facts*). "Really, that name may be a bless-



ing which we ought not to refuse. 'Otilia H. B. Smith' is not so bad as it might be. We must consider what it will be to the child to have such a patron as Miss Blood."

So, with a tear over "Blanche" and "Lilian," the dear mother consented to name her child *Otillia*.

The little one was speedily presented with a rich baby's service in silver; but as Molly, the Irish help, said, "That was neither drink, victuals, nor clothes, and was not worth the name the pore swate baby had to lug."

Later on in the winter, Mr. Smith's ill-health was more alarming; and Miss Blood and others noticed a tiresome little cough.

About this time Otillia H. B. Smith received a note containing a check, with instructions that she was to send her father to Florida, and pay the current expenses of the family during his absence, including pulpit-supply. She was also requested not to let her family offer any thanks for the enclosed, but simply to do as she was bid.

Otillia's birthday was a truly glad one. Mr. Smith's health was much improved by his Southern trip. A gentle nursery-maid had been sent by Miss Blood, to assist Mrs. Smith in the care of the little ones, particularly of the small Otillia, who had reached the button-swallowing and general-mischief stage, and needed, so Molly said, "to have six men and a boy to wait upon her." Yes, it was a glad Christmas. The fire danced, the evergreens told their good cheer. Queen Otillia crowed, while her dear little sisters applauded that and every thing else she did.

On that and every succeeding Christmas, a big box found its way to the parsonage. It was always directed to Otilia Hope Blood Smith; but it contained gifts for each of the family,—the choicest gift being for “the favored one,” as Otilia was soon called. It was a



mercy that the other little Smiths had tempers as sweet as sunshine.

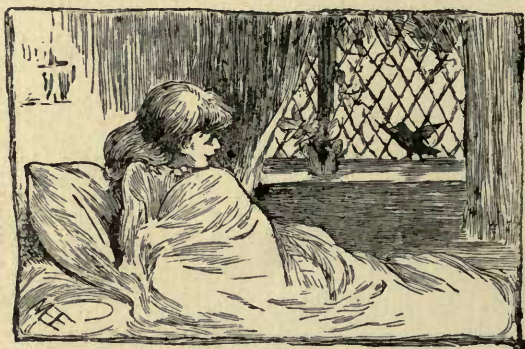
When Miss Blood's pet was old enough to exist without the ever-watchful eye of mother or nurse, she was taken journeys by her beloved patron.

One memorable summer, she went fifty miles away

to the country, Miss Blood fancying she would like to live for a while in such a vine-covered cottage as was described in the "real-estate" columns of the newspapers.

Otillia inherited the romance of her mother; and it was with pure delight that she took the journey, reaching "Rose-Bush," as the little villa was called, just at lovely twilight, when the whole scene was like enchanted ground.

Most children would have been homesick on leaving a lively circle, and a nursery full of little beds: but



Otillia, though dearly loving those left behind, thought it good fun to come to this strange, lovely place; to sleep in a little room her very own, with odd furniture that was to be

hers to keep; to have sunshine come to her all painted through the stained glass; to have a robin put his head through the lattice, and carol a gay good-morning.

The best thing about it all was, that Otillia did not "put on airs." She was just a simple child in her enjoyment of all good things. It was a picture to see her, as Miss Blood did one day, standing by the brook, with her little sunbonnet and simple apron and frock,

inviting the Jersey bossies to "jump across, and she would catch them in her arms."

One day there strolled into the Rose-Bush an Italian boy and monkey. Otilia enjoyed the monkey's pranks as if he were "a man and a brother," as some wise



men think he is. Then suddenly she said to the boy, "Monkeys and hand-organs go together. Where is your hand-organ?"

"Me — no — understand," replied the boy; but a

glance of his big shiny eyes showed that he *did* understand.

The fact was, a hand-organ did belong with this monkey, and a hand-organ man besides. Bad old Giovanni was tired of grinding "The Sweet By-and-By." He wanted the sweet *Now*, and thought he might get it by robbing a rich old lady's house.

Tasso and Trip — the boy and monkey — were therefore spies to find out about the doors and windows of Rose-Bush, — whether the silver was in easy reach, and what were the defences in the way of hired men.

Now, it chanced that a circus in the next village was charming all the boys and men that could leave their work to witness its wonderful sights; and Miss Blood had given her gardener and coachman a holiday, and her cook and chambermaid as well. They had started off after the noon dinner was over. The simple supper for Miss Blood and Miss Otillia was already spread in the shaded dining-room, — all ready but the strawberries which she was heaping in a pink china bowl, — when Tasso and Trip came upon the scene.

Miss Blood was taking an afternoon nap; and Otillia, not wishing to disturb her, rewarded them for their entertainment with pennies from her own little purse. The boy then leisurely strolled along, with occasional sly, backward looks which Otillia disliked.

In a few minutes, as the little girl was placing the



strawberries on the tea-table, a rough-looking man dashed hastily up the walk, swept the contents of the spoon-holder into his pocket, then stepped into the dining-room closet, where there were richer treasures of table-ware. As usual in dining-room closets, there was a little sliding-door for the convenience of the cook in passing in desserts, and so on, to the table-girl. Bridget, in her haste to be off, had left a hod of ashes beside the kitchen stove. Quick as thought, the child raced into the kitchen, shovelled a load of the ashes as big as she could lift, flung back the closet-slide, and, as the thief, kneeling by the drawers to take out the treasure, looked up to see what was the noise, he received a dose of ashes right in his eyes. It blinded him; and, in pain and fury, he dashed this way and that, but could not find his way out.

Otillia was quick to take advantage of his bewilderment, and bolted him in securely, while she blew the horn for the neighbors,—that being the understood signal of distress in that locality. Tasso and Trip were on the spot earliest, of course, but they were not admitted.

Fortunately, all the farmers were not so neglectful of their hay-fields as to forsake them for the circus. Enough men soon came to the rescue to secure old Giovanni and his black-eyed son. The monkey went along to jail too, though he would have been given to Otillia had she wanted him.

I need not say that Miss Blood was delighted to find how quick and cool her namesake could be if necessary. She spared no pains in her education, and Miss Otillia H. B. Smith became a most lovely and accomplished young lady.

On the death of Miss Blood she inherited a fortune, which she was not so selfish as to enjoy alone, but shared it equally with her family.

She is married now to a Mr. John Clarendon, who persists in calling his wife by her second name "Hope." Mrs. Smith's romantic notions are fully satisfied now, for she says "*Mrs. Hope Clarendon* is too sweet for any thing." But the heiress of Miss Blood will call herself *Otillia* to the end of the chapter.






"ABSOLVO TE."

THAT is what the old frog said to the sorry little fish. At least, if he did not talk Latin, he spoke in some other foreign language.

Frogs *can* converse in English: when a frog jumps suddenly into the water, he says he went *ker chunk*,—exactly what some boys would say to express the same thing.

This frog in the picture is a father-confessor frog. He thinks all the worms and insects belong to himself; and, if he spies a fish about to take a lunch, he seizes the dainty morsel. But if the fish is sorry, like this gentle little penitent, Father Frog rolls his eyes around, blesses the scared creature, and says, *Absolvo te*.

THE SMALL MISSIONARY.

ETTY SIMMONS had a very real desire to do good; but it was tangled up with so much selfishness that the poor child made a few mistakes, and shed not a few tears, in her endeavors to do right. And everybody is like Letty, more or less.

After reading the story of a wonderful child who died when she was ten, and spent most of her life distributing tracts, and taking goodies to the poor and sick, Letty wanted to be like her.

But the country-place where Letty lived was a prosperous village before the days of railroads and foreigners, and it was hard to find "poverty-stricken" people. The only available objects in that line seemed to be the Pullen family, owing to Mrs. Pullen having burned her hand, and Mr. Pullen not being able to hire sewing.

Letty grandly offered to fit out the Pullen girls for

Sunday school; but earned the dislike instead of the gratitude of the family, as she boasted of the fact throughout the village.

Old Mrs. Furlong had been ill all winter, and Letty had a kind thought to take her a basket of eggs; for Letty owned a few hens, and turned the eggs into pin-money. Hardly had she planned to take the eggs to her sick neighbor, when the hateful idea came into her mind (or was it *there* without coming?), "Mrs. Furlong



is very rich: perhaps she will give me a handsome present; perhaps she will remember me in her will."

Letty should have choked that mean thought the moment it showed its head, but she did not.

Carefully stepping along the snowy path, she reached the door of Mrs. Furlong. The nurse had gone out for a short walk, having made her patient comfortable, reclining against the pillows, a soft purple shawl folded warmly about her shoulders, a pet kitty sleeping on the counterpane at her feet, and the cheerful February sunshine making diamond shadows through the lattice.

Into this chamber of peace Miss Letty was invited, and offered her gift of "fresh-laid eggs from my own hens."

"You don't mean to *give* me the whole dozen?" said Mrs. Furlong.

"Why, certainly, ma'am!" replied Letty. "It is our duty to comfort the sick, you know."

Mrs. Furlong looked for a moment at the flushing face and unsteady eyes of the little girl. Sickness makes one very acute. The loss of bodily strength sometimes sharpens the spiritual faculties. At least, in this case, the sick lady watched keenly the young girl's face. She thanked her for the eggs, and then said, "Could I ask you for one more favor? My nurse is out, and I want to look at something in my wardrobe. You see that key hanging by the chimney?"

Unlock the wardrobe-door, please. You will see there a tin box. Will you bring it to me?"

Letty eagerly did as she was bid. She could not keep her eyes away from the treasure-box, as the invalid's delicate fingers took out chamois-skin bags of coin, a few old-fashioned trinkets, and, finally, packages of bank-bills. These she carefully counted, and then put every thing back in the box. Yes, *every* thing! Not a brooch, not a ring, not the smallest coin, was offered to the little girl whose face now told a story plain enough to be read.

"Thank you, my dear," said the old lady, gravely returning the box. "Will you put it back for me, please? I just wanted to look at it."

Letty was so afraid she should cry, she bade Mrs. Furlong good-afternoon as soon as possible, and hurried away. And now that the mean thought had betrayed her, as mean thoughts are apt to do, poor Letty despised herself far more than Mrs. Furlong could have despised her.

I think the next time she tries to do a kindness she will look out for these bad second thoughts, that are always on hand trying to turn good into evil.





ONE OF THE FAMILY.

WHEN strangers asked Ruth Porter how many children her father had, she promptly answered, "Three! Johnnie, Bruno, and I."

That being, then, Bruno's position in the family, it was little wonder that the children's hearts were almost broken at being separated from the faithful dog.

For Mr. Porter proposed emigrating to America with his family. He could not conveniently take Bruno,



Staples

and the dog was sold to the richest man in the county. It was a bit of comfort to the bereft children to know that the dear old dog could sleep on a silken cushion, go to ride with his little new master, and have, probably, no end of petting.

Bruno deserved it all; for, besides being the most delightful companion possible, he had actually saved the life of little Ruth one winter, when she attempted to walk from the village to her home on the farm, a distance of two miles. Chilled and tired, she sank down in the snow where good Bruno found her, and called help by his piercing howls.

Bruno's new master was a spoiled child with an ugly temper. He had a fashion, in his tantrums, of breaking whatever was nearest him; and he found the dog a convenience, as he could charge him with many of his own misdeeds.

"It was Bruno," he declared, "that smashed the parlor mirror. It was Bruno that broke dolly's head."

The boy's father, soon seeing the state of the case, directed the gardener to dispose of the dog. The man took the poor creature in a basket, the next time he went to town, and left basket and all at the corner of a street. Bruno was soon released by a couple of newsboys; but, breaking loose from them, he dashed over the pavements, and was off toward the open country.

At last he reached an old mill, where two schoolboys were standing in a forbidden place watching the charm-



ing wheel go around in the deep water. The miller's apprentice, vexed with the boys, was just sending them away, when Bruno dashed among them, tired and panting, and looking up with appealing eyes. The miller-boy, glad of a chance to vent his vexation, seized the dog, and hurled him into the water. "And I'll send you after him," exclaimed the boy hotly, "if I catch you here again!" and he grasped young Charlie Dall by the collar.

Charlie Dall was nowhere near the size of the miller-boy; but he was not easily scared, and was quick-witted as a boy could well be. "Give us your mallet, Jim," he coolly called to his companion. Springing backward suddenly, Charlie shook off the miller-boy; then, grasping the mallet, he reached out a handle to the sinking spaniel. "Grab it! there's a good fellow!" he shouted.

The dog obeyed, and pulled for the shore. Charlie took his dripping prize in his arms; and, in scornful disregard of the miller-boy's threats, marched off in triumph, followed by the admiring Jimmie.

Bruno, now named "Moses," was beloved as much as in his earlier days when the Porter children regarded him as their brother.

Charlie kept him during his school-days, and finally took him to America, where, in the Western States, he was to pursue his profession as civil engineer.

Riding on horseback, one day, past a schoolhouse in

lovely Iowa, he saw a young schoolmistress escorted to her kingdom by a crowd of sunbonneted little subjects.



As she turned her pretty head at the sound of the horse's hoofs, a glad brightness overspread her face ;
"Bruno! Bruno!" she cried.

The spaniel looked bewildered for a moment; then he bounced frantically among the alarmed sun-bonnets, and into the arms of the teacher.

"What upon earth! Beg pardon!" said the young man, touching his hat. "How did you bewitch my dog? I don't blame him though," added Charlie gallantly.

"He is an old friend," explained the young lady.

"But this dog does not come from these parts: he is an English dog," exclaimed the young fellow somewhat proudly.

"And I am an English girl," retorted the teacher with dignity. "A dog named Bruno saved my life; and do you think there's any doubt about his being *this* Bruno?"

It was little use for Charlie to say, "Moses, come here!" The joyful dog abandoned himself completely, for the time, to his early friend. The teacher looked at her watch suggestively.

"I will see you later," said Charlie, offering his card.

He *did* see her later, — a good many times later; and, as neither could be persuaded to give up the dog, the young engineer and the schoolmistress agreed, after a while, to own him together; and, if you should ever visit a certain home in Iowa, you may be introduced to a spaniel with a double name, — Bruno-Moses.



WELCOME!

LENTINI, the hand-organ man, and Jacko his monkey, stroll through the city with their tunes and capers, but with, oh, such sad faces! How do they know whether they shall be driven away, or welcomed with smiles, and paid with pennies and apples? One thing is certain: it is safer, they find, to

halt where a baby-carriage waits at the door; and, if a dear little baby-nose is flattened on the window-pane, and round eager eyes beg them to stop, then come the happy minutes of life to Jacko and Lentini.

To many people the hand-organ is a nuisance, but I would be sorry never to hear one. It is a sure sign of clearing weather when "Molly Darling" sounds under your window; and, if the lively airs from "Tancredi" trip over the wires (no matter how much out of tune), it is safe to leave your umbrella at home, and go to your picnic. It is true that some people are in distress when those sounds greet their ears; but, on the other hand, there are many that welcome them.

There's a lady in Boston, the wife of a noted orator, who has been for long years an invalid. I am told that she hires a hand-organ man by the half-hour together, to grind his cheerful airs under the window of the room where she lies. Another invalid used to call Thursdays her cheerful days, because a hand-organ with unusually sweet notes stopped at the street corner near by. And now that the dear lady is dead, her brown-eyed baby daughter waits at the window Thursdays; and the organ-man is richer, not only for the ready pennies that patter on the sidewalk, but for the glad little face that does not think the hand-organ is a nuisance.



STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.



HERE is one study. The wise cat on the table looks as if she could deliver a lecture on *Crustaceans*; but it is my opinion she knows nothing whatever about them.

Kitty number two is in a fair way to pursue her studies still farther; and it would not be surprising if,

in time, she could tell a crab from a lobster. It is safer, let me tell you, kitty, to read a nice little story of a crab than to handle one; for they are apt to take fast hold with their strong claws.

There are different kinds of crabs, some of which are considered quite a dainty dish, and are to be seen in the markets in the proper season.

On the next page, you will learn something about the crab's cousin, — the lobster.

Scamp, the Joneses pet, was always putting his paws where they had no business to be.

Such a dainty basket as came up from the fish-market one summer morning, — lobsters, pond-lilies, and cowslips! Scamp sniffed at the cowslips, dragged the pond-lilies over the kitchen-floor, and then offered a paw to a lobster. The lobster took it; and, oh, dear! what did Scamp find out then? Why, that the lobster kept teeth in his claw, — sharp "single" teeth in one claw, and double teeth in the other claw, and the single teeth hurt. This is what Scamp is trying to tell you. But he does not care to study any more about lobsters, and I shall have to tell you the rest.

Lobsters are sometimes caught by hand; but oftener by traps set in the water, and baited with fish or meat. The shell of the lobster is dark green; but when boiled, it becomes, as we usually see it, a bright red. It is well to know that the lobster never wears his gorgeous red till he is dead.

A French artist who did not know this fact painted bright red lobsters sailing about in the water.

In his dark green coat, the lobster is so spry that he



can jump backward fifteen feet at a time if he wants to.


Lobsters would make good soldiers; for they don't mind having a claw or so amputated, as a new one soon grows.

The lobster is a good mother, and is generally followed about by her timid children till they are nearly

as large as she. Wise books say nothing about the lobster-father: probably he is at the club.

But it is as salad that the lobster is most interesting. When his coat-of-mail is cast aside, and he is daintily served, accompanied by coffee, ice-cream, and a party of friends, he is a delightful study.

BESSIE'S FIRST PARTY.

F course Bessie had her own birthday parties with her uncles and aunties, and the little neighbors; but now she was six years old, and had a grand printed invitation to a children's party in a distant part of the city. The dainty invitation was delivered by a stylish coachman whose livery was a little beyond any thing Bessie had ever seen. She begged her mother to read again and again the magic words,—

BIRDIE HOWARD

*Receives her friends February 17,
from four to eight.*

Bessie opened the closet-door, and, gazing at the bright little wool-plaid which was her best dress, said, "I don't know as this dress was invited."

"I suppose it wasn't, darling," said her mother smiling; "but you shall have a new dress."



"And look just like Cinderella?" said Bessie.

"I dare say you'll see some little ones at that party that will look like Cinderellas or fairies, but I don't dare to dress my little girlie in a 'real party-dress' in cold weather. You shall have something new and pretty though."

When the great day came, and the dear little girl was dressed in the warm white cashmere gracefully fashioned,—her only ornament the lovely gold curls that were tied back with a blue ribbon to match her sash; her happy little feet cased in bronze slippers,—nothing could have looked sweeter to the eyes of the home-circle where Bessie lived.

Long before four o'clock, the wonderful coachman came again, and took Bessie away in a shell-shaped sleigh lined with rosy velvet and warm with white furs.

She was too young to know that the other little guests wore most costly dresses. If she had known it, I don't believe it would have spoiled her happy time. She was an imaginative child, and was so familiar with make-believe princes and princesses, that gold and jewels and castles were as every-day as pebbles to her.


"I thought that poor minister's little girl would be just about overwhelmed with Birdie's party; but she takes to it as naturally as a duck to water," said a lady who was there.

Bessie enjoyed the quiet games and the noisy games. She gave the tiny Scotch-wood workbox,—her birth-

day offering, — to Birdie as sweetly as the rich children gave their costly trinkets. She was pleased with the wonderful supper, where every article of food was fashioned into animal or bird. At last the rosy-lined sleigh cradled her again; and, when the black horses stopped at the parsonage door, Bessie was fast asleep.

“I’ve been to fairy-land,” she said smiling, when she woke in her father’s arms, by the bright blaze in the parlor grate. “I’ve been to fairy-land, but I guess I’d rather live at home.”

MINCE-PIE FOR SUPPER.

T was perfect November weather. The sky was gray, the earth was gray, the branches were gray. The ponds were steel; the frozen ground echoed crisp to the horses’ galloping feet. The sober twilight made the bright home-fires all the more cheery. Red mittens, red stockings, red hoods, were all the fashion; and delightful odors of Thanksgiving floated up everybody’s chimney.

It was Tuesday. Thursday, as everybody knew, would be the great day of the year. Spheres of delight in pumpkin, in apple, in cranberry, in mince, already lined the pantry-shelves, and made a plain supper of hulled corn seem very plain indeed.

Hannah and Rhoda sipped their milk in disdainful fashion, and gave their dear tired mother cross looks; though she kindly promised them what they wanted for breakfast, and laughingly quoted the old saying, —

“Mince-pie is gold in the morning, silver at noon, and lead at night.”

“Don’t see any sense in that!” whispered naughty Hannah to naughty Rhoda.

Wasn’t it a pity that they should go to bed so very cross, and grieve that kind mother!

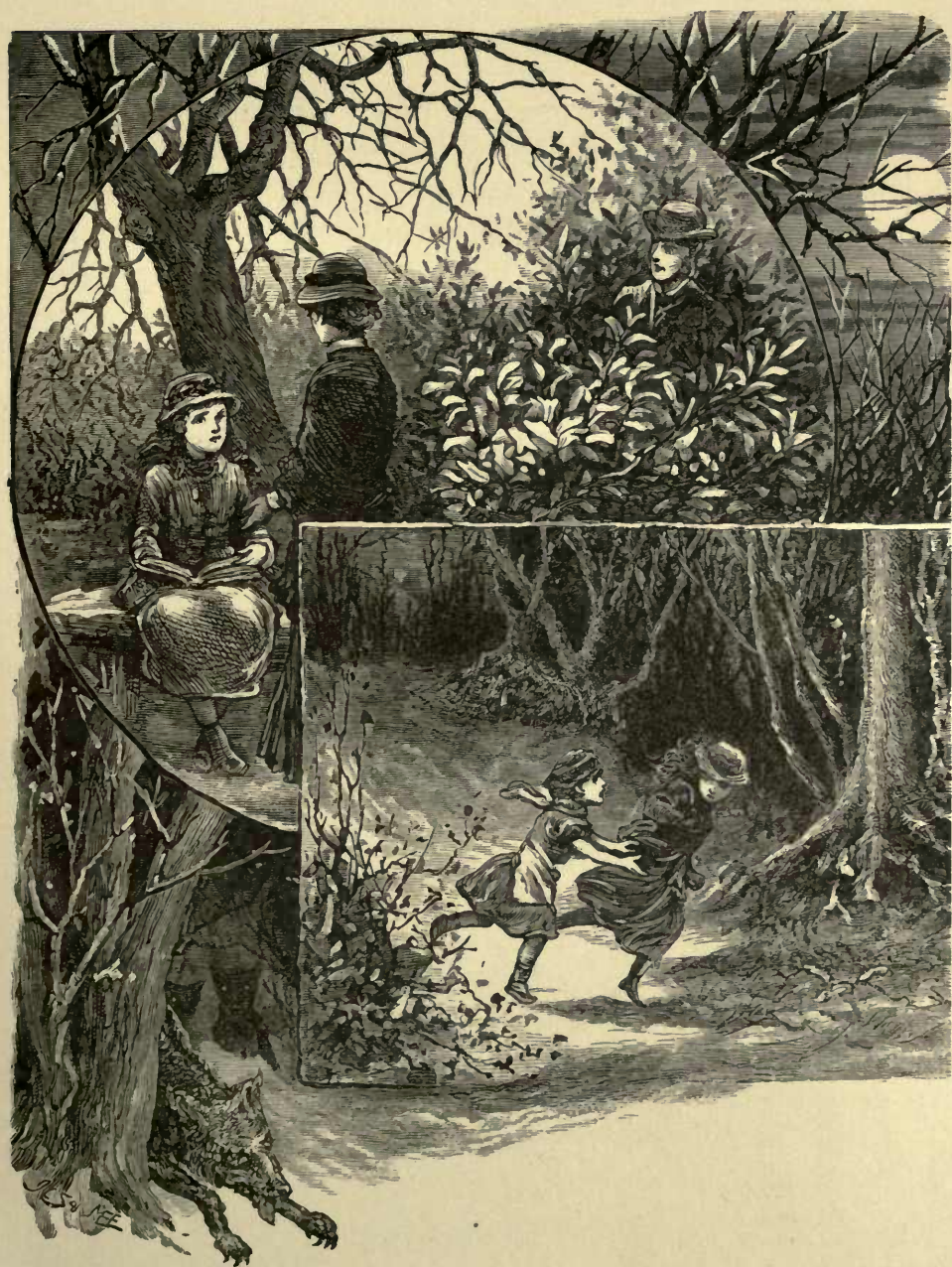
It was a bright moonlight night. Stars were never brighter too, and meteors flashed here and there as if the heavens were spilling over with glory.

The little girls tossed uneasily in their high feather-bed.

“It’s so awful shiny I can’t get to sleep,” complained Rhoda.

“Yes,” said Hannah. “How the moon does come through the skylight! It makes the back stairway look like a gold ladder, and the pantry must be as light as day. I wonder how many pies are in there? A hundred, I guess. Let’s go and see!”

If there *were* a hundred, there were but ninety-nine ten minutes later. Of course it was a *mince-pie* the naughty girls took. So many good things in one plate!—raisins and citron, currants and spice, apples and meat, and *cider*, I suppose, too; for it was years ago that pie was made.



The little girls did not talk much after they crept up stairs. Pretty soon the moon looked in upon two flushed little faces in uneasy dreams. Ah, what mixed-up, troubled dreams! They were reciting to teacher, and a dreadful committee-man sprang out of a bush. They were running home, and horrible wolves were chasing them. They were lost. A great moon was blazing: they would catch fire. Both children waked with a start: "The moon! the moon!" they screamed.

A loving mother gathered the frightened little girls in her arms. "Not the moon," she whispered: "something else that is round disturbs you. You won't disobey mother again!"

Two sorry little penitents promised good behavior, and *would* punish themselves Thanksgiving Day by *only* having apple, cranberry, and pumpkin pie for dessert.





THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

FOR two centuries, in England, it was a law that November fifth should be a thanksgiving-day, to celebrate the deliverance of the king and parliament from the Gunpowder Plot that Robert Catesby planned, and Guy Fawkes did — not carry out.

Great sport had the English boys, generation



after generation, in saving up their money for this day, and exploding it in squibs and crackers. But chief of all the show was a Guy Fawkes image gotten up to look as grotesque as possible. This image the merry boys would carry through the streets, and finally burn.

So popular was this celebration, that it even crossed the Atlantic, and has been observed for years in one of our Eastern cities. A pumpkin forms the head of this Yankee Guy Fawkes; and those of us who reckon jack-o'-lanterns among childhood's joys, know very well that our English cousins can't get up any thing more hideous than a pumpkin head with a candle inside, showing off the dreadful teeth and eyes.

This, then, is the sort of Guy Fawkes that certain New-Hampshire boys manufacture, and carry through the streets to the music of fish-horns.

Great fun for the boys; but solemn business it was to poor Guido Fawkes!

He was an English gentleman of good family and education,—the last person to be found in such a wild plot! It is only one instance out of many, where good family and good education may not prevent one "making a Guy of himself." Mistaken zeal for his religion, and, undoubtedly, a spice of political ambition, led him to engage in Catesby's plot to blow up the king and both houses of Parliament.

Sir Guido Fawkes did not look in the least like the stuffed images that English boys burn on the 5th of

November. He is described as being of fine stature and commanding appearance. He was sworn to be "a man of great piety, of exemplary temperance, an enemy of broils and disputes ; and his society was sought by all the most distinguished in the Archduke's camp for nobility and virtue." He was, however, fatally wrong if he believed his duty to God or man required him to take the lives of so many, in such a shocking manner.

He was discovered just before midnight, in the vault of the Parliament-house: thirty-six barrels of powder were also discovered ; while upon Fawkes's person were found a match, a tinder-box, and some touchwood. He declared that if he had been within the house when taken, he would have blown up house, takers, himself, and all.

He had several confederates, but would say nothing to implicate them, though he was tortured to draw out the desired information. It is pitiful to see his signature written before and after his tortures.

One can't help feeling, in reading history of olden or present days, that the people who do dreadful things, and dare to call them "religious," if they would go no farther than the Ten Commandments, if they would stop and think when they read "Thou shalt not kill," how much misery would have been prevented. But then there would have been no religious wars, no military "glory," no gunpowder plots, and no such lively times for the boys.

A SUMMER TEMPEST.

THOSE of us who were living on the 16th of July, 1879, will never forget the dreadful tempest of that afternoon. When the wind and lightning were over, how joyful and clear were the skies, and how the birds sang! Flags fluttered, sails were spread to dry in the sweet sunshine, and Nature behaved like a child who has forgotten her late naughtiness.

Not so easy was it to make faces bright again. The fear and ruin of that tempest aged many an one.

A waiting crowd stood on the wharf of a watering-place, looking with eager solicitude at a wreck. Could they have seen through the driving tempest a half-hour before, they would have been thrilled with the sight of a life-boat grandly manned in the wild sea, while the remaining passengers were carefully lowered into its shelter. All were thus rescued but one little boy, who, wild with fear, jumped over the vessel's side, and was seen no more by his distracted friends.

It was supposed that he sunk at once in that angry sea. Such, however, was not the case. He grasped a



floating board, and there clinging, was flung, like a bit of seaweed, high up on the beach not far away.

An old-fashioned cottage stands by itself, a half-mile at least from the new villas in that vicinity. Oh! this



is so old that smoke may have curled from its big chimney when Capt. Miles Standish was waiting for his answer from Puritan Priscilla. This was the home of fisherman Nick and his son, young Nick as he was called.



The father was off in his boat, that wild afternoon; and the son, who had been delayed in rowing a pleasure-party from the hotel to Strawberry Hill, was anxiously looking up and down the beach, after the tempest, hoping to see some sign of his father, when he stumbled over this storm-tossed little boy. Quite dead he seemed, but Nick was filled with all the eagerness of the possibility of saving him. He rushed to the cottage with his dripping burden; then, not waiting to call a wiser head, he laid the boy with his head on his left arm, opened his mouth, and then gently rolled him towards the left till he was nearly quite over on his face, then on to his back again. Persevering in this method, he was rewarded in half an hour by signs of returning life.


Nick's joy was moderated by the impossibility of having warmth and nourishment right at hand. The fire was down, there was no hot water of course, neighbors half a mile away. Oh for another pair of hands! Things are always so aggravating when one is in desperate hurry. There were no kindlings prepared, the jack-knife to whittle them was obstinate, the tea-kettle was empty; but at last Nick's rush was over. A cheery fire snapped, the kettle sang, the old chest gave out its treasures of warm blankets, and Nick held in his arms the pretty boy as live and promising as one could wish to see.

Old Nick returned in safety, and cooked a famous

supper over the coals. The telegraph-wires, which had so many shocking tidings to carry that evening, bore to a city home the blessed news: "Your Willie safe. Home in the morning."

The little boy has many friends, but none that he will remember with more gratitude than the fisher-boy Nick.

STOUT-HEARTED.



WHEN young Jimmie Foster died, he left a mother, a wife, and a baby-girl, of whom he was the sole support. He had been a travelling artist in the days of daguerrotypes. His little family had cheap lodgings in town, and there he lived with them at odd times; but when the travelling was good he went from village to village, and earned a comfortable living for himself and family in making the wonderful pictures. But there was never any money saved; and, when the young man was taken away by a swift disease, there was nothing left but the car with its small equipments, and the old horse and faithful dog.

His wife and mother could not carry on the business, and the proceeds of the whole affair — horse, dog, and all — would take care of them but a short time. What could they do?

Grandmother Foster had learned, in her early days, the art of weaving osier or willow twigs into baskets and chairs. It is simple and pretty work. This art young Mrs. Foster acquired; and, together, the two women soon made a stock of these attractive goods.

I doubt if any lady, no matter how well provided for she may be in the basket-line, can pass a basket-seller on the street without one sigh of longing for the tidy, graceful things. Think, then, how attractive a moving car must have been, decorated on the outside with work-baskets, picnic-baskets, baby-baskets, clothes-baskets, market-baskets, and all kinds of baskets. There were, besides, brooms and brushes, mops and dainty whisks, which found ready customers in the young dish-washers who disliked to spoil their hands for piano lessons. Inside the car, the tiniest of housekeeping went on. Every thing was kept so tidy, it was a pleasure to peep in.

Basket-making is one of the oldest arts, and it is as attractive to-day as ever. Even before the time of Christ, Egyptians wove baskets for various purposes.

But to come back to our travelling friends. Pleasant as were their summer trips, they looked forward to a more permanent and comfortable home than the basket-car. And, by the time that little Bella was old enough to go to school, the hard-working grandmother and mother had earned enough to hire a comfortable little cottage in the suburbs, where they could still make




baskets, and, at the same time, enjoy a home like other people.

"Be thankful for health and a stout heart, Jennie," Grandmother Foster would often say. "Thank goodness, nobody had to take 'round a subscription-paper for *us*!"

PLEASURES AND PERILS.

...

IT seemed too good to be true that vacation was here, that the Bensons were really going to the beach, and that the Hydes were going with them; for Belle and Brownie Hyde had no other playmates so dear as Charlie Benson and Leo his brother.

Such a choky day as it had been in the city! A foul pink mist hung from the State House to the wharves; but, as the steamer cut her way loose from the city, what a different world did it reach! The pure sea-air was like wings that lifted you up and flew away with you; and, by the time the short hour's trip was over, the children stepped ashore with new vigor in their light feet.

The two families had hired a cottage together; and, with the best Bridget and Norah that ever made chowder and washed dishes, life looked free and happy.

For two or three days the children were satisfied



with the pleasures along shore that had been granted them. There was the wading and the bathing, allowed only, as Charlie said, "when an 'elderkin' was with them;" there was the shell-gathering and clam-digging. Belle and Brownie found a treasure whom they named "The Pleasant Man." He seemed to be a ship-carpenter, with never so much to do that he hadn't time to paint a dolly's dull eye, or to make its little mistress's eye brighter by some wonderful gay story of the sea. "Cap'n Isaac," he was called; and the children thought it a fortunate thing that he had leisure to amuse them.

Leo Benson generally preferred to stroll off by himself, digging till he was tired, and then enjoyed one of Bridget's tarts or buns, — several of them, in fact, — while he sunned himself on a pile of seaweed, and lazily enjoyed the sights on sea and shore, from the gay excursion-steamers with their flags and music, to the strolling blind boy with his dog and violin, who shared Leo's pennies and lunches, when the rather selfish little boy did not choose to keep all for himself.

But the children were not all satisfied for long with the safe pleasures of the beach. The ocean with its many voices was every day tempting them. It was but half a joy to be rowed by somebody else. Every chance they could get, they would sit in a boat safely moored, and play row; and they were very sure they could manage a sail.



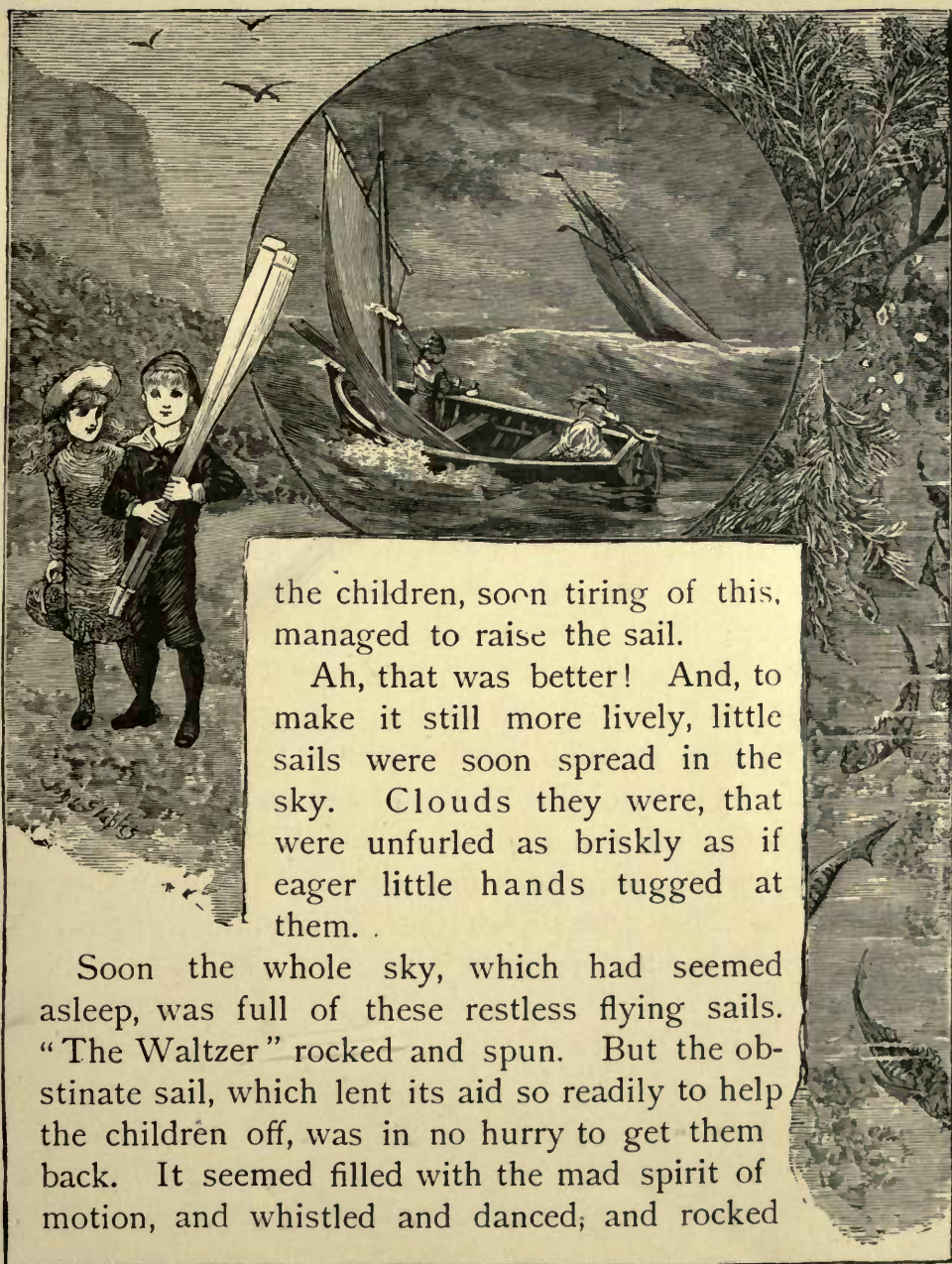
One bewitching afternoon, Leo and Brownie had gone with the older folks on a picnic. Charlie had not been quite well the night before; and it was thought best for him to stay quietly near home, under the charge of "The Pleasant Man," who was generally to be found of an afternoon among the boats near by.

Belle begged to keep Charlie company: so, with the usual promises of good behavior, the children bade the picnickers good-by, and watched the barges ride away without a sigh of regret. For, I am sorry to say, this innocent-looking little boy and girl had a plan of daring and delight that they were longing to carry out. It began with a lie. Their parents had asked the children to inquire of "The Pleasant Man" if he would kindly look after them that afternoon. They brought back his usual reply, "With great pleasure, my hearties." But he did not say it that afternoon: on the contrary, he said that he must go off to repair a boat on Long Beach.

That lie was a bad beginning, surely.

The barges were hardly out of sight when the two children, with their picnic-basket well stored with goodies, strolled down to the beach. There was a certain gay little boat there, "The Waltzer," which they boarded; and, after much tugging, they loosened the rope, and drifted out to sea.

It was a sleepy, still August afternoon, — hardly a motion in air or sea. The boat scarcely moved; and



the children, soon tiring of this, managed to raise the sail.

Ah, that was better! And, to make it still more lively, little sails were soon spread in the sky. Clouds they were, that were unfurled as briskly as if eager little hands tugged at them.

Soon the whole sky, which had seemed asleep, was full of these restless flying sails. "The Waltzer" rocked and spun. But the obstinate sail, which lent its aid so readily to help the children off, was in no hurry to get them back. It seemed filled with the mad spirit of motion, and whistled and danced, and rocked

the boat in defiance of danger. The children tugged at the oars with about as much of success as if they were waving butterflies' wings; and this story would end right here, but for "The Pleasant Man."

His job at Long Beach was a short one; and, taking passage for the little run home on a friend's boat, he spied "The Waltzer" in trouble. Charlie's small handkerchief—a signal of distress—was fluttering wildly, "only raising more wind," poor Belle declared.

But they were not rescued till they had known all the fright and danger of an upset. From the moment that their hearts stood still with horror, and the wild waters took them in their arms, they knew nothing more till they opened their eyes in their cottage-home. Not a comfortable waking. They were still in distress. Water seemed gurgling all about them. It was hard to breathe, hard to think, hard to pray.

The lesson of disobedience the little ones never, never forgot; and for the rest of their vacation they never cared to venture beyond "The Pleasant Man's" safe moorings. They always felt that he was their special guardian angel; and perhaps, indeed, he was.



A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER.



T isn't a rose, at any rate," said Capt. Chanticleer, much subdued at being in doubt about any thing.

"A rose! I should think not!" gobbled the turkey. "Do you suppose I am color-blind? Don't I know red when I see it?"

"I should think you might," retorted the captain, "after wearing that very unbecoming necktie all your life."

"Of course it is not a rose. But—is—it—alive?"

"Touch it and see."

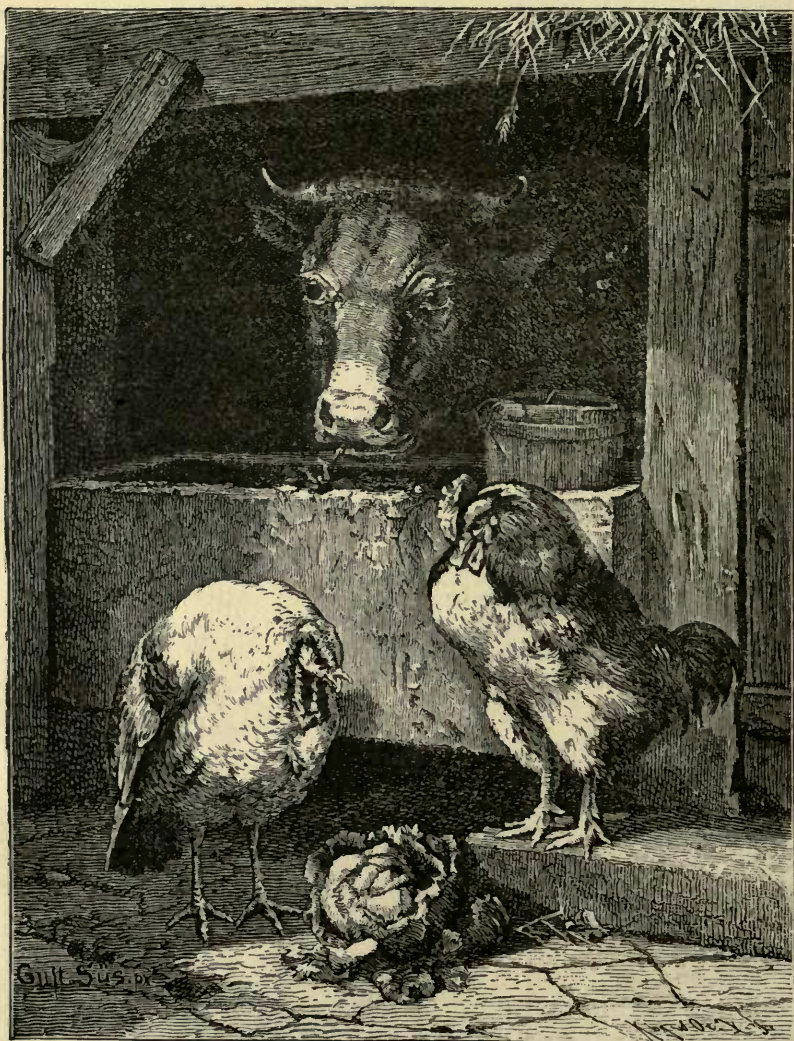
"Touch it yourself!"

"Who's afraid?"

Two valiant birds were afraid: that was evident.

Capt. Chanticleer suddenly remembered that it was time to issue the afternoon edition of "The Barnyard News."

Turkey-Gobbler spied, out of the far corner of his eye, a little red hood bobbing along beside the fence. He must chassée over to that little red hood, and tell it,—gobble, gobble, gobble,—in great indignation,



that his own red necktie was — gobble, gobble, gobble — a redder red than any red hood or any pair of red cheeks.

Meanwhile, two calm brown eyes had been looking on, knowing well all about that suspicious character, soberly amused at the angry talk. She bided her time till the farmer's boy came around, when she enjoyed her cabbage with a thankful heart.

BETTER HAVE STAID AT HOME.

THESE picturesque soldiers, with their plumes and gay trappings, were sent to Scotland to make the people there worship after the fashion of King Charles the First,—a good enough fashion for those that like it. But the Scots didn't like it.

This meek little lassie, who seems to belong to the hostelry near by, is bringing water—or something stronger—to the English soldiers.

An older lass, Janet Geddes by name, was not so meek-looking, I dare say, when the English worship was enforced upon the Scotch people. The Dean of Edinburgh beginning to read the liturgy, his voice was drowned in the shouts of the people, and Janet threw a stool at him. The reverend gentleman threw off his surplice, and fled for his life.

After this the king's troops were sent into Scotland to enforce obedience. The Scots carried the day; and King Charles, who was admitted to be, in private life,

an estimable gentleman,—but in public “a tyrant, murderer, and enemy of the nation,”—was condemned to death.


The people whom he had oppressed—the Scots—plead for his pardon, France and the Netherlands entreated; but in vain. He paid the penalty of his mistaken zeal with his life.

As might have been expected, a re-action of enthusiasm sprang up in England. He was canonized as a saint; and the anniversary of his execution, Jan. 30, was observed in the Church of England with special religious services, as “The Day of King Charles the Martyr.” But, after reflecting upon the subject for two hundred years, the English people concluded that Charles the First was not exactly a saint after all; and the 30th of January (as a saint’s day) was abolished by act of Parliament in 1859.





A HERO.

T was a sickly little boy who entered the royal navy when he was thirteen, and became the greatest of Britain's admirals, that these sailors are talking about.

Probably no hero ever kindled wilder enthusiasm; and even the biographer who attempted to give a faithful account of his deeds was carried away with admiration, and unable justly to condemn his unfaithfulness to his best friend. This biographer writes: "Let us compassionate the one cruel frailty of a man, in all else as gentle and generous as he was brave."

Horatio Nelson was born in September of 1758, at Burnham Thorpe, Norfolk. His father was a rector; but, like many a minister's son before and since, Horatio struck out in an entirely different line from the churchly habits of his father. In the heat of the battle of Copenhagen, his ringing disdain of danger is as noticeable for its profanity as for its daring. He was a post-captain before he was twenty-one; and soon "flamed amazement" on the world by his brilliant deeds. He lost his arm in one assault, received in



another a head-wound which prostrated him, receiving in exchange the delicious titles of "Lord," "Baron," and "Admiral."


If you look closely at the foot of the picture the sailor is holding out, you will see the additional title, "Duke of Bronte." This was awarded Nelson by the King of Naples, with a domain of £3,000 a year, for his services in driving out the French from Naples. In 1805, "he had chased half round the world a French fleet of nearly double the force of his own, scared by the very terror of his name." On the morning of the 21st of October, in that year, he met the ships of France and Spain. He met and conquered them, but for this last crowning victory gave the price of his life.

The English kindle at the mention of his name, and it is no wonder that they admire him.

Our hero may not have been so brilliant, though there are diamond deeds in his military career; but *Washington* was reverent, pure, faithful in public and private life, and well worth the admiration of all boys who seek a hero.



"I WONDER!"

 "WONDER," said Mrs. Piper, looking across the street toward the Bixby's, "why in the world young Bixby didn't bring his wife home from Baltimore with his little girl!"

"Why, you *don't* say he didn't bring his wife, Miss Piper!" exclaimed Mrs. Piper's caller, a wheezy, fat old woman known as "Mis' Dan'l Metkif."

"Not a wife did he bring!" said Mrs. Piper, with the implication that he should have brought two or three at least. "And what worries *me*," continued Mrs. Piper, "is, that I can't get no satisfaction, no how, from nobody. We are the best of neighbors, us and the Bixbys. If I'm out of coffee or saleratus I always run over as free, and borryer of the Bixbys hired girl; but she don't know no more than I do about this affair. It's an old story, young Bixby's failing in business, and old Bixby offering his son a home with him, and a share in the mills here. And it's well known to *me*, Mis' Metkif,—for their Bridget told me,—that they had new lace curtains for the settin'-room chamber because Alferd's wife was young and fanciful. But there!

She never come; and what's more, she ain't a-comin', so Bridget says. Old Mrs. Bixby don't know A nor B about it. All is, they expected her—and she didn't come."

"Why don't you ask the little girl?" suggested Mrs. Metcalf.

"Mean to, fust chance I get. There she goes now to sit with the Millard children: their mother's gone to the city. I saw her, an hour ago, put off with her music-roll. How a married woman with three children finds time to take lessons beats me! But then, she don't neighbor a bit. I'll just run in and see if I can find out, ef you'll excuse me. You know how it is yourself, Mis' Metkif."

The Millard children were cosey in their bright nursery, making little lonely Debbie Bixby as happy as they knew how. The chill of our northern winter had driven the little Baltimore stranger closely up to the fender, where she sat enjoying the doll-dressmaking which Grace Millard was busied about.

Into this pleasant group burst Mrs. Piper, with an appearance of great haste.

"Excuse me, Miss Grace. I've got a friend visiting me, and she wants to take the evenin' train to Upper Billingsville. Haven't seen no time-table lately, and thought mebbe your ma would be so kind as to lend me the mornin' paper, if she is in."

"She has gone to the city," said Miss Grace, with

dignity, not offering to put down her sewing to look for the paper, which she shrewdly suspected was not really wanted.



"Sho, now! You don't say she's out? Well, no matter, dear. But who is *this* little girl?"

"Debbie Bixby, ma'am," said the child politely.

"*Debbie!* Named for your Grandma Bixby, I see." — No doubt young Bixby would have every thing *his* way, thought Mrs. Piper.

"No, ma'am. I was named for Grandma Benoir."

"And *she's* dead, I suppose? dear grandma!" said this sympathetic caller.

"Why no, indeed!" Debbie's brown eyes looked up in surprise. "Why, who would be with mamma?"

"Sure enough! Who *would?*" said Mrs. Piper.

"And so she has gone back to live with your Grandma Benoir!"

Mrs. Piper, for a few minutes, talked with the other children, and praised their curly hair. "Seems to me," said she, coming back to Debbie, "seems to me *your* hair was long and curly when you came."

"So it was," said the child; "but it hurt me so to have it curled that Grandma Bixby cut it."

"I suppose it didn't hurt so much when *mamma* curled it?"

"No, ma'am," said Debbie; "but still I used to fuss, and mamma would say, 'I hope you will never have any one hurt you more than mamma does.'"

"Ah, poor dear!" said Mrs. Piper. "She see what was a-comin', *no* doubt. She won't be coming on this way at present, I suppose?"

"No, ma'am. Oh, dear!" and the little girl broke out suddenly in such a torrent of tears that Mrs. Piper could not console her; and saying, excitedly, that it

was no matter about the paper, she hurried home eager to report the news.

"Well, Miss Metkif, it's all out! She ain't a-comin' at all, far as I can find out, Mis' Bixby ain't. She an' her own mother are a-livin' together down in Baltimore. And that poor little Debbie! She is a-pinin' herself to death. They've ben and cut off her hair, her father's folks have. And, there! Look, Mis' Metkif! Look, do! Did you ever see any thing more heartless than young Bixby this minute? There he is a-wavin' his hand to his little girl as ef he never done such a thing as to separate her from her mother!"

The next day, as Mrs. Piper was walking out, she met Mrs. Bixby, little Debbie's grandmother.

"Ah!" said the curious neighbor, "I am very sorry to hear that your son's wife has such weak lungs that she can't stand our hard winters."

"Her lungs are entirely strong," said Mrs. Bixby stiffly.

"Alfred," said Mrs. Bixby to her son, that evening, "why can't you tell me frankly what the reason is that Matilde is not coming at present?"

"Promised not to tell," said the young man roguishly.

"But the neighbors are beginning to talk."

"Let them talk. There is nothing whatever wrong, and I am determined to gratify Matilde in this matter. Undoubtedly she will herself, some day, tell you all about it. If you do not believe that we are happy, and

that all is as it should be, you may read this letter; and he somewhat impatiently tossed to her a well-filled envelope bearing the Baltimore stamp.

Mrs. Bixby passed it back at once. "I believe you, my son, and *I* am entirely satisfied; but outsiders will not be." And outsiders were not.

Business prospered with the Bixbys, however; and before spring a lovely Queen Anne cottage blossomed on the hilly lot adjoining Mr. Bixby's residence.

Mrs. Piper complained that her eyes were really getting affected watching the painters, as they laid the fanciful new colors on roof and pinnacles.

Meeting Bridget, the Bixbys' kitchen-girl, one evening, she plied her usual question: "Found out any thing, Biddy?"

"Niver a thing," said Bridget smoothly, while a sly twinkle brightened her eye. "But I know Mr. Alferd gets lots o' letters that seem to cheer him up wonderful."

"Don't he never say nothin' to Debbie about her ma?" asked Mrs. Piper.

"*Forever* talking," replied Bridget. "It's 'mamma' *this*, and 'mamma' *that*, and 'how will she like the new house that is to be a surprise present to her.' But—if you won't breathe a word—I *will* tell you something."

"Hope I may choke if I speak of it," said Mrs. Piper recklessly, at the same time determining to tell Mrs. Metcalf, and other dear friends, her first opportunity.

"Well," said Bridget, "the other mornin', whin I was pitting Mr. Alferd's room to rights, I knocked down his coat, and out tumbled a letter. I can read, praise to goodness! and I saw it was from Baltimore. 'An' now,' says I, 'it's becomin' a Christian girl like meself to know what kind of folks I'm afther livin' with.'"

"And very proper and right of you, too, Bridget!" exclaimed Mrs. Piper.

"Will, thin, I opened the letter in a big hurry; for old Mis' Bixby she do wear the most aggravatin' easy slippers, and come upon a body unawares. The letter was dated 'Baltimore, April the 7th.'"

"No matter about the date, Bridget. Do tell on."

"April — the — 7th," repeated Bridget, with the leisurely manner of a novelist in a serial story. "April — the — 7th, 1875. 'My darlin' Alferd,' come next. 'If you've found it best to tell our secret to mother and little Debbie, say that, after all the distress and delay, *your new* wife is packing her trunks to come to you. I suppose I have been very foolish; but, if you have managed the affair so that your mother's feelings are not hurt, I am glad, indeed."

"How *could* a mother's feelings but be hurt to have a son behave so?" said Mrs. Piper. "But what else?"

"I don't rightly remember," said Bridget, "for Mis' Bixby called me about then."

"Something must be done!" declared Mrs. Piper solemnly. And so worthily did she do that "some-

thing" that a committee from the church waited upon young Mr. Bixby the very next evening, desiring him to explain the current report that he was about to bring home a new wife, while the first Mrs. Alfred was still living, and was not divorced.

Young Mr. Alfred declined to make any statement till he had consulted with his parents; and, even then, he was strongly inclined to make no explanations. He finally consented to allow his mother to receive the committee.

"I have never seen my daughter-in-law, gentlemen," began Mrs. Bixby. "She was but fifteen when she was married, and is now hardly twenty years of age. The week before she was to come here with her husband and child, she had the misfortune to be thrown from her carriage, injuring her in such a way that it was necessary to have all her teeth removed. She was unwilling to present herself to her husband's family until the dentist should have completed his work, and, very unwisely, desired to keep the whole affair a complete secret, thinking—such a sensitive little thing as she is—that it would be easier to meet us if we knew nothing about her injury."

"It is all very unfortunate," said Deacon Gray, one of the committee-men; "but there was a pretty straight story about a letter from a lady who called herself Mr. Alfred's 'new wife.'"

"The letter was from Matilde herself," said Mrs.

Bixby. "She playfully called herself 'new,' referring to the dentist's repairs."

The committee bowed themselves out, and made another call in the neighborhood, bestowing rebukes where they were more deserved.

Bridget never had a chance to lend Mrs. Piper "coffee" or "saleratus" again.

Mrs. Piper still says "I wonder!" and people that know her are very shy of her interrogation points.

MISS BLODGETT'S BIRD.



MISS JEMIMA BLODGETT was not blest with a pretty name nor good looks. She lived alone, in an unpainted little cottage, and supported herself by dressmaking. Yet a happier mortal than this same Miss Blodgett, it would be hard to find. She had a great love of flowers, especially of the common and usually unvalued kind; and long before Oscar Wilde discovered sunflowers, she had brilliant ranks of the bold beauties blooming beside her picket-fence, following the sun from the moment he appeared above Deacon Foster's barn till he sank behind Powow Hill.

But of all Miss Blodgett's delights,—and she had many,—her chief delight was her pet canary. It was

years ago, when the Swedish nightingale was filling our land with music, and Miss Blodgett thought no name so worthy of her sweet singer as that of Jenny Lind.

"So he should be called Jenny," she said to him one morning; while the bird shook his wilful little head, and apparently declared that he wished his name to be "Dickie."

"You shan't *be* 'Dick-ee,'" retorted his mistress: "you shall be called *Jenny*. You warble now better than any opera-singer. Why don't you hire a hall?"

Then the bird, highly flattered, pirouetted across the table, mounted the mantel with a flirt, and rendered a "cascade of trills," as a music-raver would have said.

Not long after that morning, Miss Blodgett received a letter from a distant city, announcing the death of an uncle, whose will settled upon her a comfortable annuity, with the request that she would entertain his two sons during their school vacations, and take a special interest in them.

Living opposite Miss Blodgett was a houseful of girls,—the Solloways. There were Ruth and Lois, Belle, Fanny, and Madeline; and they all admired Miss Blodgett and Jenny Lind. Miss Blodgett, then, quite naturally confided her bird to these young people, during her absence at her uncle's funeral, reasoning that, among them all, he would be sure to receive sufficient attention. But those experienced in the care of birds

will agree with me, that one might as well trust a Christmas pudding to five cooks, as to give one canary into the keeping of five girls.

For several days all went well. The bird had as many waiting-maids as a princess. Ruth, being the



eldest, claimed the privilege of taking down the cage and hanging it up; while Lois, Belle, Fanny, and Madeline divided the delights of filling the tiny bath, supplying fresh seed and water, washing the perches, or putting tempting bits of sugar and chickweed within his reach.

It was not long, however, before the inquiry might be heard, at odd times of day, "Who has attended to Jenny to-day? Anybody?" Fourth of July brought its picnics, as usual; and the Solloway girls were much interested in preparing for theirs. The day before, every one was busy enough in cooking goodies, doing up white dresses, or trimming shade-hats. Nobody thought of Jenny. He drooped like a flower in his brass prison, uttering a choky wee twitter occasionally, as he glanced at his empty dishes. But nobody noticed the starving canary. Next morning, among the Fourth-of-July wrecks scattered through our beloved land was poor Jenny. I don't like to describe the remorse of the tender-hearted girls.

Poor Miss Blodgett was taken ill soon after learning of the loss of her pet. She was confined in-doors all winter; and, before the sunflowers shone again over the picket-fence, she had gone to the land of eternal summer. The doctor said that her trouble was gastric fever, but the Solloway girls felt that the canary's death was the cause of her own.

The little cottage where she lived is now used as a schoolhouse for young children, who delight in the southernwood, sweet-mary, and larkspur, which with sweet breath keep good Miss Blodgett in remembrance as every summer comes round.

"HOW NOW, GOMEZ?"

ICICLES dripped in the sunshine; and the February air was delicious,—cold, pure, and sweet,—that is, out of doors. Inside the little school-house it was hot, close, and steamy with the drying of numerous mittens under the big box-stove. But it would take more than that to dull the spirits of our young folks, especially with Bill Baker for the teacher, and Town's Fourth-Reader Class just called up.

"We'll have a dialogue," announced Mr. Baker.

Accordingly the champion readers were requested to take opposite corners of the schoolroom.

The star reader was the senator's daughter, Florence Adams, a fine-looking girl of ten. She knew she was a sort of royal personage in the little village where she reigned, but she bore her honors naturally. Walking gracefully to the corner assigned her, she called out in a clear, musical voice,—

"*How now, Gomez?* Whence comest thou?"

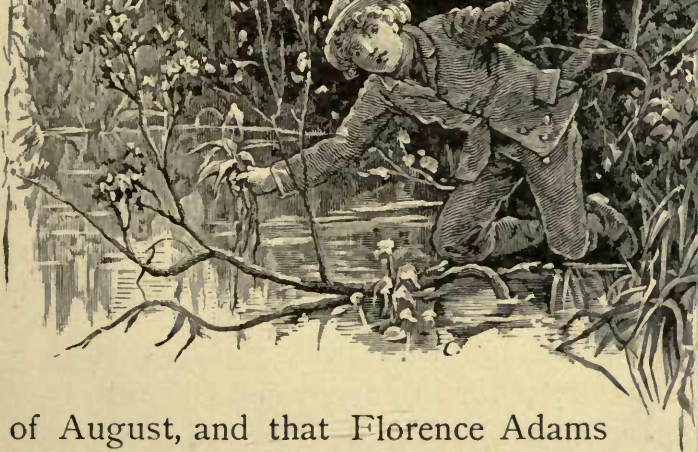
"*From the mountains!*" screamed the bandit far opposite.

The voice proceeded from a small boy as unlike "Gomez," or any other Spaniard, as could well be imagined. Little and thin he was, with white hair, and eyes that were meant for hazel but failed for lack of material, and were merely a greenish white.

Queer arrangement, the public school! In their respective homes, some of the pupils were as far apart as the poles. Miss Florence Adams's breakfast was served in state, with silver and china. "Gomez" — or little Dan MacElroy — ate his on the door-step, or on the way to school, or not at all, as the case might be. Florence was always nicely dressed, and was a specimen of what love and care can do for a child. Poor Dan shivered to school in a thin suit much too small for him, his only *winter* clothing a bright scarf that bloomed on the sabbath-school Christmas-tree for him. He was poor, he was homely, he was not very good; but in one respect Florence and he were alike, — they were both wonderful readers, born actors; and in the schoolroom, where all distinctions are levelled, they were the best of friends.

But the short hour of triumph was soon over. Out of school, "Gomez" was only Dan MacElroy. How he counted the remaining days of the term as a miser would his gold! But summer was fast coming, — summer that had nothing in common for Florence and "Gomez." A season of delight it was for the rich man's daughter, but a hard time for the drunkard's son.

There was to be a birthday party at the senator's house. How did MacElroy's boy know it? No matter. He knew very well that it was the 4th



of August, and that Florence Adams would be eleven years old. He knew, too, that she loved pond-lilies, wild cardinal blossoms, and dewy blue flag. He was off, before his father had wakened from his drunken sleep,—off, in fact, before any

one had wakened from any kind of sleep,—when the heavens were lovely beyond description, soft bands of saffron and violet and pink, star-spangled, though the bands were deepening and the stars fading in the growing dawn.

Dan massed the flowers in a little boat that he had made, in clever fashion, too, for a boy of his years. When Senator Adams opened his front door at six o'clock, as was his custom on summer mornings, he saw on the door-step this gay little craft, with its freight of national colors in the scarlet cardinal-flower, the white lily, and the blue flag. A modest card, with "Gomez" in a schoolboy hand, did not explain matters to the senator. He placed the pretty offering upon the sideboard, and Florence appeared to enjoy it more than any of her birthday presents.

But the morning which was so pleasant to Dan brought a sad day.

Mr. MacElroy woke more desperate than ever. He was a fearful man when his temper was up; and Daniel, who was not a hero, was apt to obey his father from simple fear, whether the command was right or not. Many times he had been for liquor when his coward soul rebelled against it, but he feared what would come if he refused. Many times, too, he had robbed melon-patches and hen-roosts—never, never for himself—from this miserable fear. Now MacElroy demanded something far harder. He had devised a scheme which

would bring him, he thought, some money without working hard to get it.

Senator Adams had won his position mainly by his generous way,—a way that never selfishly crowded "No. 1" to the front; a way that acknowledged any favor and always recompensed it.

MacElroy knew all this, and reasoned that if, in some mysterious way, the senator's barn should be found to be on fire, and MacElroy should discover it, and be foremost in putting it out, he would undoubtedly be paid far more than if he should work in the senator's hay-field for a month.

"You are quick as a squirrel, Dan," said he to his son. "You are keen as a ferret, Dan. There's a little pile of shavings under the senator's barn, and all you've to do is to touch it off, and scamper. Nobody'll see you. You just cut for the meadow, and lie down in the tall grass till you hear the crowd coming; then you can come on and holler, and help with the rest. I shall be among the first on the ground, and, through my stren-oo-ous exertions, shall save the senator's barn for him; and he will, of course, make it all right for me."

MacElroy saw the opposition in the boy's face.

"You needn't be more nice than wise!" he thundered. "Do you see this rake? You refuse, and in less than two minutes I'll comb your hair in a style that won't leave you hair nor head either. I mean what I say."

Dan did not look in the dark face. He knew his father meant what he said. "If I must, I must," he faltered meekly, and then hurried across lots to the senator's barn. He dared not disobey his father's commands: he had even gone so far as to touch the match to the shavings, when a voice floated clear and musical from the garden-party not far off. It was Florence Adams reciting, "A man's a man for a' that!" All the manhood stirred in this miserable little boy. He now began to fight the fire, but it was too late. A second's prayer as he looked in terror at the rising flames, and then he gave the alarm.

Meanwhile MacElroy was waiting nervously for the first smoke-wreath which should assure him that Dan had obeyed. At last the tell-tale message rose in airy curls. MacElroy started on the run, bawling "Fire!" with all his might. Arrived at the spot, he was chagrined to find himself arrested.

Mr. Adams's hired men soon put out the fire. Then Daniel sought the senator, whom he regarded with the greatest awe, and confessed what he had done.

Mr. Adams did not take much stock in Daniel's penitence, and would have sent the son to jail with the father; but it chanced that Dan's birthday present to little Miss Florence proved a life-boat for him. Her hearty interest in her little schoolmate led her to intercede for him with her father. The result was a good education, political preferment, and an agreeable, cultured man.

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